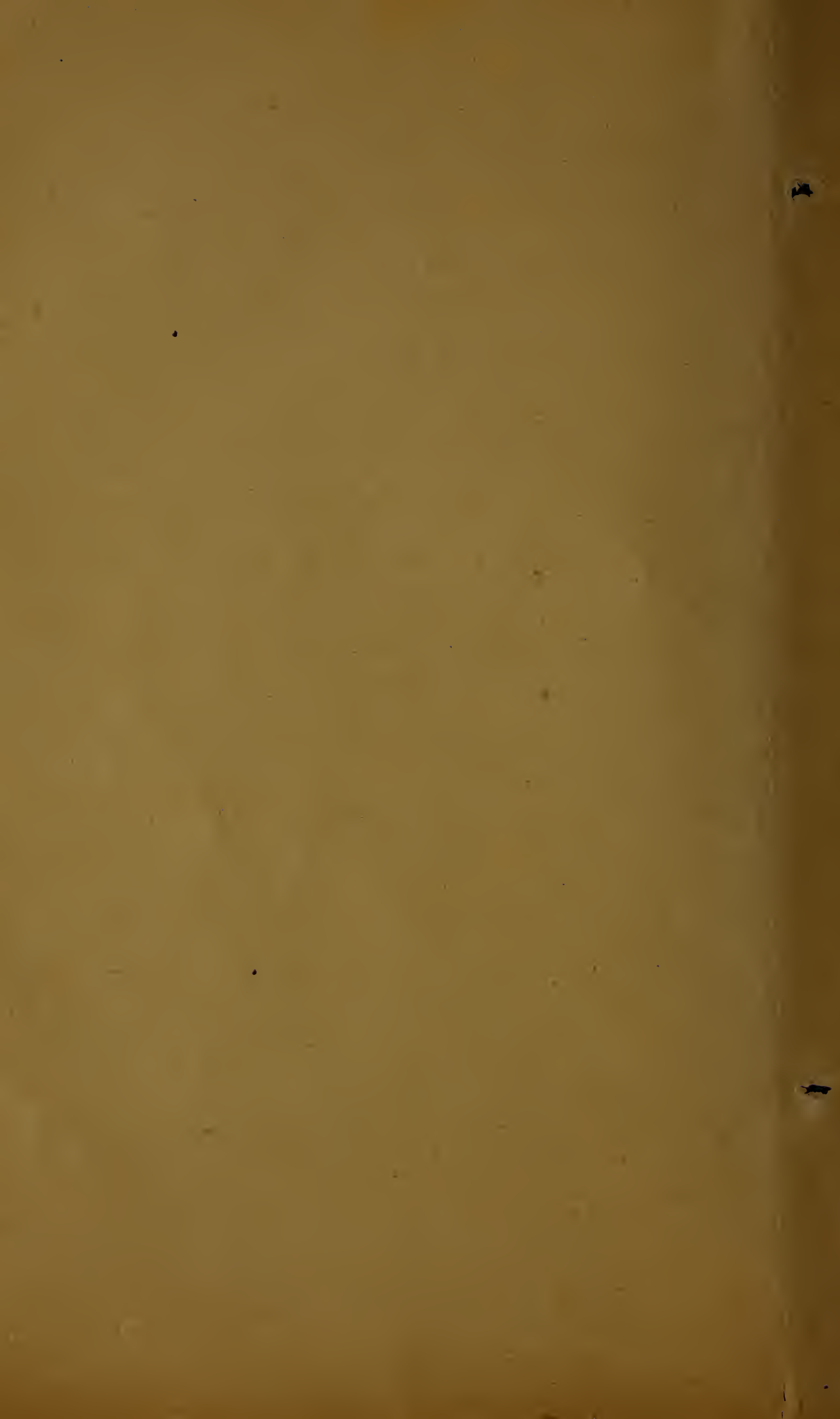


Golden Rod

Vol. 1. 1891-1892.





Vol. 1. and part of Vol 2. of
The Golden Rule. were
procured for me by Miss,
Winifred P. Stone, of Kents
Hill. Mr. who at that time
was a teacher at the Quincy
High School.

In answer to her request
they were bought in by
her scholars.

I paid 75 cents for the lot.

W. G. Spear.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 1.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

Address all communications to

ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LELIA H. SPRAGUE.

"This flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale North can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom;
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's paths of
gloom."

IN the fields and by the roadside the beautiful golden rod, emblem of encouragement and precaution, is blooming; and today its namesake, The Golden Rod of our school, is sent forth for the first time, carrying with it a message of greeting and good-will from the pupils to all who may receive our offering in their homes. May it prove as worthy of their attention as the lovely, sunshiny flower whose name it bears. As this is our first attempt, Our Venture was among the names proposed, but although that tells a little story in itself, the name of our national flower was unanimously chosen. As we have previously mentioned, the name is emblematic of encouragement, so when we are weary and discouraged, when we are about to despair of accomplishing some task, we may think of our Golden Rod and take heart once more. We wish our paper to be at once instructive and entertaining, and we hope that it will awaken our citizens and also the

pupils to a new interest in the school. By establishing and editing this paper we also hope to acquire a more thorough knowledge of the English language and an idea of the manner in which a paper is conducted. Each subscriber will receive ten numbers, one published each month of the school year. We are much gratified and encouraged by the ready response made by those who have been asked to subscribe, and we thank them for their aid. We owe a particular debt of gratitude to our special committee, Dr. Sheahan, for by his efforts our subscription list has been greatly increased. Perhaps our friends will be interested in knowing that the size of our paper depends entirely upon the number of subscriptions which we receive, and we hope that they will continue to extend their support and good will. R.

After greeting all our friends most cordially, and introducing The Golden Rod to the public, we think it only appropriate to give our readers a brief description of our school. First let us walk up High School avenue into the large yard, and view the building. One will undoubtedly say, "It is not very attractive looking." Very true, but he must remember it was erected in 1851, so it has resisted the wear and tear of two-fifths of a century. Our rooms are not furnished with oak or chestnut, but as the result of our labor we have succeeded in adorning our walls with a few pictures and busts of some of our distinguished statesmen and orators; also with two silk flags, and these we count more precious than highly polished furniture. Our Miller grand piano is an instrument of which we are all proud, and it presents a very at-

No. 27

tractive appearance on account of the bountiful supply of flowers which even covers its surface.

s.

We still retain our principal, H. W. Lull, and one assistant, Miss Souther, a graduate of '78; but on the evening of July 2, most of us bade farewell to Miss Pfaffmann, '77, who has taught in the school for seven years. As a token of our respect and esteem, we presented to her complete sets of George Eliot and Thackeray, beautifully bound in calf and morocco. Miss Pfaffmann's place is now occupied by Miss Winifred Stone, A. M., a graduate first of the Farmington Normal, then of Maine Wesleyan College. The force has been increased by the election of Miss Madeleine Fish, who has been teaching in Wakefield, and is a graduate of Framingham Normal. On account of the great increase in numbers of our pupils, from one hundred twenty-nine to one hundred fifty-eight, it has been found necessary to have an extra assistant. In arranging the week's program, the great question was "Where shall we put the classes?" But with the use of store and ward-rooms, we all find at least a chance to sit down. It is very evident that a new building is needed, and it now remains for our city or some of our interested philanthropists to consider the matter *seriously*.

s.

A young man was heard to remark, only a few days ago, that a girl has no need of a knowledge of Civil Government. The young man evidently forgets that the time may come when the girl, grown to womanhood, will have an equal right of suffrage with him, in which case she will require a thorough knowledge of the subject in order to vote intelligently. There is another reason why a girl should study Civil Government. Is it patriotic to know nothing of the method by which order is preserved in our land? Certainly not, and therefore we maintain

that every scholar in the high school, girls as well as boys, should take an interest in the government under which he lives. In taking up the subject this term, we first sought a reason for having any government whatever, and came to the conclusion that man has not yet reached that high state of civilization which must be attained before he can live peaceably among his fellow-men, restrained by no law save that of his own conscience.

R.

We have been very much interested in the election of a governor. In looking up his requirements we found that according to the original law he must be possessed of property to the value of one thousand pounds, or nearly five thousand dollars, and that he must profess the Christian religion, besides being obliged to inhabit the Commonwealth for seven years immediately preceding his election. We think that the first two requirements must now be obsolete. Special mention was made of the terms majority and plurality in connection with elections. In this state a man is elected if he receives a plurality, that is, if he receives more votes than any other candidate; but to represent fairly the people he should receive a majority, or more than one-half of the total number of votes cast. On the other hand, if a majority vote were required to elect a candidate, it might often happen that no one would be elected, and the necessary new election would occasion much confusion and waste of time.

R.

A few days ago we had a little experience in voting. We had assembled to choose a name for our paper, and six different titles were proposed. When the votes were counted, the total number was found to be one hundred forty-eight, and of these the greatest number received by any one name was sixty-five. A new election was therefore called, and the second time the total number of bal-

lots was one hundred eleven, all of which were cast for The Golden Rod. We hope our friends will be as well pleased with the result of the last election as we are, and that they will agree with us in thinking that in this case, at least, a majority vote is certainly the more satisfactory.

R.

DIRECTORY OF '91.

Mary E. Butler—Bryant & Stratton's, Boston.
 Mary A. Cleverly—Bryant & Stratton's, Boston.
 Annie J. Eaton—At home.
 Carrie B. Gannett—Bridgewater Normal.
 Clara L. Graham—Thayer Academy.
 Edith P. Gray—Miss Fish, milliner, Quincy.
 Annie P. Hall—Kindergarten, Boston.
 Edith W. Jennings—Girls' High school, Boston.
 Sadie M. Jones—At home.
 Sadie R. Melzard—Boston Art school.
 Margaret G. Mundy—Bryant & Stratton's, Boston.
 Inez L. Nutting—Quincy Training class.
 Alice M. M. Richards—Quincy Training class.
 Elizabeth J. Shepherd—Quincy Training class.
 Frances C. Sullivan—Quincy Training class.
 Edith B. Waldron—Quincy Training class.
 Jessie L. Webb—Beals' College, Boston.
 Charles L. Hammond—Civil engineering, Boston.
 Walter H. Hersey—Bridgewater Normal.
 Walter P. Hill—Bookkeeping, Boston.
 Arthur W. Priest—Boot and shoe store, Boston.
 Walter E. Simmons, jr.—Shuman's clothing house, Boston.
 William L. Thomas—Saville & Jones, Quincy.
 John W. Thompson.—At home.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, HERBERT HOLMES.

Bertha V. Jameson, '94, is at Thayer.

Nora Leary, '94, is learning vest making in Atlantic.

Abbie Feltis, once of '93, is reading proof in the Patriot office, Quincy.

May Merrill, '93, is preparing for Smith College at Thayer Academy, Braintree.

Sadie Badger, once of '94, is attending a boarding school in New Hampshire.

Christina Baker, '94, is taking a course in the Burdett Business College, Boston.

Mary Kendrick and Alice Crane, '93, did not return in September, but are giving their attention to music.

Our special teachers this term are: Singing, Mrs. Laura French Smith; Drawing, Miss Jessie N. Prince; Nature, Miss S. E. Brassill.

Charles and Annie Bennett, '94, have left us for a course of study at Thayer Academy. We trust these two, who have been our companions for over a year, will win as good a reputation in their present school as they have had here with us.

As there is no printed list of the graduates of this school, and as more than a quarter of a century has passed since the first graduating class received their diplomas, we propose to publish month by month the names of the graduates, by classes, and their present residence; therefore this should be a column of great interest to the alumni.

"When the queenly golden rod
 And purple asters wave and nod
 Along the woods and lane;
 When the cardinal blossoms gleam
 By some quiet, silver stream,
 September comes again."

LOCAL.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Physics III. gives us the information that an elephant has one tusk.

Physics III.—A plumb-line is a line with something on the end to make a straight line.

French III.—Teacher—What is the word for child in French?

Pupil—*L-la-la-la enfant—l'enfant.*

A Fish swallowed a Stone, and was Lulled to sleep in Southern seas. [See the editors for a diagram of this joke.]

We notice a few empty glasses about the rooms, which signify to our sorrow the approaching end of the flower season.

Algebra IV.—A pupil giving the answer to her example after explaining, said "7 A-men," instead of "7 equals A's men."

Although we have so smart and industrious a fourth class, some do not appear to know their names when suddenly called upon.

Physiology II.—Teacher—Why should we keep our finger-nails pointed?

First pupil to the next—To scratch you with.

Should a former pupil of the school happen in to see us, she would probably miss the autograph album in the girls' ward-room, for the walls have just been re-papered.

A teacher, having told a pupil to rap on the door at the close of the study hour, heard a knock soon afterwards, and said, "That boy has lost his head." On opening the door and meeting the principal of another school, he said, "O, you're the boy that lost his head."

We are glad to know that on account of the continuous use of the blacking brush in the boys' hall, it has recently become unable to perform its work. We are very sure a new one will soon be provided. However, we congratulate the boys on their desire to improve their appearance.

THE WOODWARD FUND.

WHAT is the Woodward Fund? Who or what is Woodward? These questions are constantly being asked by newcomers, and I dare say many pupils who have attended the Quincy schools for several years cannot answer them. So let us read over a few pages of history, and learn that Dr. Ebenezer Woodward was a worthy and respected physician of Quincy, who lived between the years 1791 and 1869. After graduating from Dartmouth College, (N. H.) he began the study of medicine under the instruction of Dr. Isaac Hurd, continuing it with his uncle, Dr. Samuel Adams. Finally he entered Harvard Medical school, from which he graduated in 1823, and commenced the practice of his profession.

Such was the man to whom we are indebted for the fund which is, in course of time, to establish a "female institute." In this school all the higher branches of learning will be taught to *the native born* young ladies between the ages of ten and twenty years; for none others but these will be allowed to attend. The management, so far as choosing instructors, studies, etc., is to be forever controlled by the settled clergymen of the city; and it was the wish of Dr. Woodward that the school should be as well conducted and as high in every way as any such institute in the state.

Will this institute be a benefit to Quincy? We hope it will. However, a high school must be maintained, whether it is attended by sixty or one hundred sixty. But at this time we should lose only sixty-five by the change, and in our present circumstances we could very well spare that number.

The question then arises, "Can Quincy afford to support another school?" We do not know, but "time will tell." The fund has increased from \$30,000 to \$260,750, the present amount, and before the year 1894 some step must be taken for its use.

—Leila H. Sprague, '94.

OUR DEBT TO ELECTRICITY.

GO back a hundred years to a street of Padua in Sunny Italy. "Why are you lingering here?" we ask one of the bystanders. "Why, we are watching Prof. Galvani playing with a frog's legs," says he, and goes off laughing. This is but an illustration of the treatment which patient, studious men often received. While searching for some hidden truth they were subjected to the cruel treatment of those who, in their ignorance, thought that the students were in league with the "king of darkness."

One day, while preparing the nether limbs of a frog for his class, Galvani left them suspended from an iron rod. A copper wire hung from the legs and swung against the rod. He found that every time the two metals met a sharp convulsion was noticeable in the legs. For a long time he puzzled over this strange phenomenon, and at last gave to the world his explanation.

Then the wise men of all Europe were aroused, and every laboratory was supplied with frogs' legs. Many refused to accept Galvani's reasoning, among them Prof. Volta, who, in an experiment to prove his own theory, constructed a cell and produced what is known as voltaic electricity. He used his new invention to confirm his teachings, although the cell's action was distinctly opposed to them. We owe the beginning of our knowledge of electricity, then, to the contention of two men, neither of whom ever knew what he had accomplished for mankind. Yet, strange to relate, both were wrong, for we now know that the effects they saw were due to chemical action. Since their time men have been advancing faster and faster as knowledge accumulates.

Intimately connected with electricity is the artificial magnet. Many think of it as a trivial plaything, but they are greatly mistaken. The most learned man in the country—aye, in the world—can-

not tell positively why a piece of soft iron becomes a magnet while a current of electricity is passing through it, and ceases to be one when the current is checked. Yet on this fact depends the value of the telephone, the telegraph, the electric bell, the dynamo, and the majority of electrical machines. The practical value of these is so well known that we need not dwell upon them.

Nothing has yet been found which can compare with electricity in rapidity of motion. A current once passed, in spite of resistance from wires and telegraph instruments, from Cambridge to San Francisco and back, in less than three-tenths of a second.

Turn to the telephone. Would not our ancestors be greatly astonished to see us speak into a little box fastened to the wall in conversation with a friend seven hundred miles away? More wonderful still, Edison now promises that in 1892 we shall see the person at the other end of the line. Let me name a few other practical appliances; for example, the electric car. The current passing around the magnets under the car starts the motor, moves the wheels, and the car is off.

The electric light, however, depends on an entirely different characteristic of the electric fluid. It is a well-known fact that if electricity meets with too much resistance in passing through a conductor, the latter is heated, and sometimes even melted. On this depends both the arc and incandescent lights. The current meeting considerable resistance while passing through the carbon warms it to a white heat, thus producing the well-known soft but powerful light. Magnetism, too, plays an important part in the arc light, for if the carbons were not fed together the light would gradually dim and finally disappear.

The phonograph is comparatively new, and is not as yet very well understood, but even now it is used by authors and editors, and also in taking testimony. It is

said that Mark Twain talks his stories into one, and Mary Mapes Dodge has for some time preserved her inspirations in one of these instruments. We all know that phonographs, when placed in Edison's talking dolls, are very amusing to children.

I doubt if there is anyone here who has not read of the demolition of Hell Gate, and of the little girl who, by pressing a button on the farther side of the river, sent along the wire a current which ignited the vast amount of explosives. Is not this a far better way of firing a mine or blasting charge than by the old fashioned fuse?

At the time of the exhibition of the United States Naval Squadron in Boston, visitors were shown some very large guns, and were told that these monsters were controlled entirely by electricity. They also saw the powerful electric search-lights which are used to discover the enemy at night. Some of the revenue cutters are supplied with these lights and many a poor wretch has been saved from a watery grave by their help.

Electricity, then, is used in both war and peace. Indeed, the number of machines to which it has been applied is almost too great to be believed. In navigation this wonderful force has already been introduced. To be sure the vessel is not exactly equal to Jules Verne's idea, but for all that, a ship has been driven and steered by electricity. Speaking of navigation, what would sailors do without the magnetic needle of the compass? Let us turn from mechanical contrivances. Of what use is electricity to physicians? Many of you can tell of some marvelous cure effected by it.

How great, then, is our debt to electricity! But the men who have devoted their time to it say that we know very little about it; and judging the future by the past, what a wonderful increase of knowledge, and consequently of power, will the rising generation witness. Horace Greeley once said to a friend seeking advice: "Go West,

young man; go West;" but the sage of today would point towards electricity as the most promising field, for electricity may well assert:—

"I am the king of the forces
Of sway in the earth and the sea;
And infinite suns in their courses
Keep step to their music through me "

—C. L. Hammond.

A WOMAN.

THE red aborigines of Quincy considered all work degrading and fit only for woman. While the Indian brave hunted or fished, his squaw cleared the land for his corn, built his wigwam, cut his wood, and dressed skins for his clothing.

Look about you and see what a change has taken place in the condition of woman. To be sure she may still make a fire on a cold morning, get breakfast, sew on buttons, darn stockings, make bread, and do countless other things; but she is nevertheless the angel of the household, for "what is home without a mother?" She indeed is the maker of the home; for whatever the mother is, the home will be. She is the model for her children, as they are with her constantly in their younger days, in which their dispositions are formed and their characters moulded. In sickness and trouble she is the nurse and the soother. So great has been a mother's influence in all history, sacred and profane, that it has given rise to the saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

But now woman's work, as well as man's, is out in the world. Where do we find her? In all the busy fields of life. As Harriet Beecher Stowe was making bread the idea came to her to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Few literary tasks have been accomplished in circumstances so little favorable to composition. She was at the head of a household with narrow means, and she also had small children to care for. She had Monday's washing to superintend, the Saturday's baking to do, her class of young ladies to instruct, company to entertain, garments to cut out,

and all the endless tasks of a wife and mother. You know how valuable her services have been to the nation.

As a philanthropist woman has done much. Florence Nightingale founded hospitals, furnished them, and was chief nurse. As superintendent of a staff of nurses she went to the Crimea to care for the sick. Think of her standing for twenty hours in succession, directing her assistants. She always had a pleasant smile in spite of her trials, and was idolized by the soldiers.

Listen to what Longfellow says of Evangeline :—

“Thither by night and by day came the
Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought in-
deed to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle round
her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o’er the brows
of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o’er a city
seen at a distance ”

Of such there are many on earth. Evangeline is the type of woman which we reverence.

As a heroine Grace Darling must not be forgotten. Think of her rousing her father, launching a boat, seizing an oar and pushing out towards the half-drowned men clinging to the wreck. In spite of the dangers of the wind, waves, and rocks, she succeeded in saving nine human lives. This achievement is unparalleled in the annals of feminine courage, save perhaps that of our own Ida Lewis at Newport. But what a generous sympathy she had to risk her own life to save others from a watery grave. When Columbus was seeking aid for his historic voyage, Isabella assisted him by pledging her jewels. So it is to a woman that we owe our debt for this glorious land.

In the civil war woman was very conspicuous in the fields, in the camps, and in the hospitals. Indeed there was scarcely a woman of the north who did not contribute time, money, and labor to the comfort of the soldiers. While the women sewed and knit and made delicacies for the sick, the little

girls, scarce old enough to know what patriotism was, scraped lint and wound bandages. Everywhere there were humble and unknown laborers; but there were some who became so inspired that they followed their friends to the fields to rescue the wounded, and to cheer and comfort the dying. There are hundreds of women whose deeds have honored the country, and the nation holds them in equal honor with its brave men.

Woman has done much for relieving the poor, for the establishment of hospitals, reading-rooms, soldiers’ and sailors’ homes, and homes for aged people. The woman of today has done still more for founding religious societies. One of the most important is the “King’s Daughters.” These are generally composed of young women who help many suffering ones, ministering to their souls as well as to their bodies. We cannot realize what an immense amount of good these little societies do.

Women are no longer limited in their occupations, as every department of life seems to be open to them. Besides the professions—medicine, law, theology, teaching, and, latest of all, architecture and civil engineering—there are industrial occupations, type-writing, stenography, telegraphy, and clerk ships. With such a countless number of employments much is expected of us. When we think of what woman has done to promote general welfare, we naturally think of Clara Barton in connection with the Red Cross; Frances Willard, the famous temperance advocate; Alice Freeman Palmer of educational fame; Miss Dix of philanthropic work, and Mrs. Livermore in the lecture field.

Considering these examples which history furnishes, every one will agree that woman has been unequaled as a philanthropist and reformer, and the world would not be in its present state of prosperity if it were not for her. It is Owen Meredith who sings:—

“The mission of woman on earth! to
give birth

To the mercy of Heaven descending on
earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to
bruise
The head of a serpent and sweetly infuse
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's
registered curse
The blessing which mitigates all: born to
nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and
to heal
The sick world that leans on her."

—Annie J. Eaton.

SCISSORS.

Those who labor with their
minds, rule.

The largest bay in the world is
Hudson bay, which measures 850
miles north and south, by 600
miles in width.

Miriam, sister of Moses ; Mary,
mother of Jesus ; Cadijah, the first
wife of Mahomet ; and Fatima, his
daughter, are spoken of as the
"Four Perfect Women."

Dean Alford originated the
phrase, "Call a spade a spade." As
first used, the phrase was, "Call a
spade a spade ; not an oblong im-
plement of agricultural industry."

"Adieu" signifies "To God I
commend you." "Goodby" is a
contraction of "God be with you,"
while "Farewell" means "Be hap-
py," or more literally, "May you
journey well."

"In the circumstances" is the
correct form. The idea is "with-
in," or "among," and in no sense
"under." But universal good
usage has made "under" allowable,
and it is used by those who men-
tally protest every time.

The Jews said "from Dan to
Beersheba." The Persians say
"from Medina to Mecca." The
English "from Land's End to John
o'Groat's." The Yankee says
"from Maine to Texas." The
Southerner says "from Florida to
Alaska." The Sucker and the
Hoosier say "from the Great Lakes
to the Gulf." The South Ameri-
can says "from the Isthmus to the
Horn." In Louisiana they say
"from New Orleans to Pittsburg."
In California the common expres-
sion is "from Altaville to Pilot
Knob."

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

As this is the initial number of
our paper, we have no exchange
notes or clippings. However, we
intend to send The Golden Rod as
a greeting to some of the schools
about us, and hope to receive an
introduction to them by the return
of their papers. It will certainly
be a source of pleasure and we
trust mutual benefit.

Miss Winifred P. Stone has ac-
cepted a position in the high school
at Quincy, Mass. Miss Stone came
to Bridgton in 1888, after her grad-
uation from Kents Hill. She has
worked with us faithfully and suc-
cessfully. Her many friends in
this section will always be glad to
hear of her advancement, and will
give her a cordial welcome when
she returns either as visitor or
teacher.—[The Stranger, North
Bridgton, Me.

We are indebted to The Beacon
of the Chelsea high school for the
list given below. As The Beacon be-
gins its life with The Golden Rod,
we extend our infant hand with a
youthful greeting, and with the hope
that we together may grow older
and better as the months go by.

"The following is a list of the
high school papers of Massachu-
setts in the order of their age :
Latin School Register, Boston ;
The Premier, Fall River ; Oak,
Lily and Ivy, Milford ; Pine Grove
Echoes, Harwich ; The Young
Idea, Gloucester ; The Jabberwock,
Girls' Latin School, Boston ; The
Recorder, Springfield ; High School
Gazette, Lynn ; The Tripod, Rox-
bury ; English High School Enter-
prise, Lynn ; Oracle, Malden ; High
School Herald, Westfield ; High
School Graphic, Athol ; Distaff,
Girls' High School, Boston ; Ad-
vance, Salem ; High School Re-
cord, New Bedford ; Our School
Life, Ipswich ; High School Times,
New Bedford ; High School Regis-
ter, Hyde Park ; The School Re-
cord, Newburyport."

GOVERNMENT



ENCOURAGEMENT

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 2.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents

Address all communications to

ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

OUR subscription list presents an encouraging appearance. Enrolled thereon are the names of many of the prominent men of this city, and the total number of subscribers is now over three hundred. One of the subscriptions deserves special mention. In this city, scarcely two months ago, a little stranger opened his bright blue eyes to behold for the first time the light of this world. When he was only four weeks old his name was entered as a subscriber of The Golden Rod, and thus his first connection with the literary world has been established. We hope that our little friend will continue to aid our paper throughout the coming years, and that if at some future day he should enter this school as a pupil, we may have the pleasure of seeing his name on the editorial staff, and of reading many interesting articles written by him.

R.

We are not restricted to a written system of laws in our school, but if a code were prepared we should expect to find near the top of the sheet, "Cleanliness." What a simple Anglo-Saxon word, yet what a broad meaning! We wish its importance might be impressed upon all our minds, but there are still some who are constantly being reminded of the fact that stray

papers, pencil whittlings, *et cetera*, are lying about their desks. If they cannot keep so small a portion of the room free from dirt, what will be the condition of the homes of which they may have charge at some future time? We do not know, but we hope that before leaving this school they will outgrow this fault. However, it may be too late, for Pope says, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." What a true story the condition of a pupil's desk tells. If a man were to enter our school with the intention of employing a boy, probably the first question he would ask would be, "Where is his desk?" At first sight he would decide whether he wanted the boy or not. Let this be a warning to you, girls as well as boys, and do not lose positions of trust and honor just by your own carelessness and thoughtlessness. How much might be said upon this subject, it is so broad. But without further discussion let us strive to keep at least our schoolrooms neat and orderly, and go to the Bible for our motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." s.

When does the nineteenth century end? How many I can hear say, "What a question!" But do not be hasty; just consider the matter for a moment. A grammar school pupil who had just completed the study of a certain United States History would probably say: "Why, this century ends in 1899, because Washington died on the last day of the week, in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century, and the date of his death was Saturday, December 14, 1799. But did he die in the last year of the century? If you will please exercise your imagination, we will suppose that in the first week of Adam's life he

wrote a letter to Eve. Here is the heading: "Garden of Eden, January 1, —,"—but what is the year? Would he have written 0 years, or the year 1? Evidently no whole year had elapsed, no more than 1891 has elapsed, but still if we were writing a letter we should date it October, '91. Imagine, then, that Adam dated his epistle January 1, 1. Was not that year completed at the expiration of December 31, and did not that century close with December 31 of the one hundredth year? It seems very obvious that the ninety-ninth year does not complete a period of one hundred.

S.

It was just the kind of a morning to make one feel full of life and energy; the sun shone brightly and the air was clear and cold. The faces of most of the pupils of the — school seemed to be in harmony with the morning, but those of a few young girls looked tired and discouraged, and their eyes had an uneasy, apprehensive expression, which the teacher translated, "Unlearned lessons." Let us see what the reason of this was. On the previous evening an entertainment had been given for the benefit of the church to which these young girls belong, and each had performed some part in it. For several weeks they had been obliged to spend two or three of their evenings in rehearsals, and as a result they had not sufficient time to learn their lessons. Recitations began to be imperfect, and records which had been excellent fell lower each day. Anxious to remedy this, some robbed themselves of sleep to gain time for study. One young lady retired at twelve o'clock on the night of the entertainment, and rose at three on the following morning, in order to learn her lessons. Think of it, only three hours of sleep, and those broken by troubled dreams of unlearned lessons. It is no wonder that the girls grew pale and tired. One complains of an aching head, and her mother immediately says: "You study too

hard; school lessons ought not to be so long." Of course the school must bear all the blame; no thought is given to the length of time spent in preparing for the entertainment. Another exclaims, "O, I am so tired!" and her mother replies: "School life is too confining: you do not have time enough for exercise." There again the burden of blame is laid upon innocent shoulders. Evidently something must be neglected to a certain extent, and the question is, which shall suffer, entertainments or education? It seems to us that those young people who are wise will leave the work of entertainments until later years, and will devote themselves to the acquisition of knowledge while they are permitted to enjoy the advantages offered by the schools of our land. We do not mean that they should wholly deprive themselves of the pleasure derived from entertainments and pleasant evening parties; on the contrary, we think it necessary that they should have some recreation of that nature; but we simply believe that when there is a question between lessons and an entertainment, the decision should be in favor of the lessons.

R.

Our cabinet specimens are increasing slowly in numbers. We are indebted to May Gavin, '94, for two bills (one fifty dollars, the other twenty), which were issued in the Revolutionary days. James White, '94, has brought in a flower and seed from the cotton plant; also specimens of copper ore from Vermont. Two contributions from Florence Gray, '94, are a piece of iron slag from Ohio, and a slough. "What is a slough?" Why, it is a complete suit of clothes which some snake has slipped out of and shed, possibly for a later style.

The Golden Rod wishes to learn the names and whereabouts of the graduates of these classes: '67, '68, '70, '71, '72, '73, and '74. Can you help?

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Advertisers, o !

Subscriptions, 360 !!

All debts provided for !!!

We are the people !!!

Did ye never hear of the Golden Rod?

Now for more subscribers to pay more money, to buy more Golden Rods, to pay for more pictures, more busts, more of everything that will make our school home brighter, pleasanter, more home-like.

Physiology II. informs us that the vital processes are circulation, digestion, and perspiration.

Our superintendent and our Science teacher seem to be in great demand at conventions and institutes this fall.

All the teachers of Quincy are studying morals. We hope that it is not because the superintendent has discovered any great lack.

Parents' visits are so angelic, be cause so few and far between, that we gladly record the call of Mrs. George A. Bailey. Come again.

The Fourth class make three divisions of twenty-eight and one-third each. We are not sure about the one-third, but we know there are eighty-five in the class.

All schools except the High had a holiday October 9, as the teachers attended the Norfolk County convention. Our day is promised us, and we are waiting patiently.

We Hope and Pray a-Loud that a class that contains two Popes and only a Merr-ill will be Bett-er than any former class. Possibly its mascot will be a White Steer.

Warnings have been sent to the parents of all scholars who failed the first month to reach the standard in any two studies. It is hoped that the parents will look more carefully to the work at home.

The class of '91 presented the school with two busts, two flags, and two pictures. We hope each graduating class will do as well.

History IV. suggests a new way of doing penance. They tell of Henry II. feasting and praying at the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

Teachers in Geometry should be careful, as the latest authority tells us that nothing is solid, because spaces exist between the molecules.

Latin IV. Teacher—What is the subject of the verb?

Pupil—Where.

Teacher—Did you ever see a where?

If the flower season is passing, the season for autumn leaves is coming, and they will add very much to the appearance of our rooms.

We expect the Fourth class will make a very bright Physics class next year. They are able even now to do so difficult examples as squaring three mentally.

The school day is now divided into five recitation periods. We have therefore lost nearly one third of our former study-time in school hours, and must do more work at home.

Physiology II. now know that the humer(o)us is next to the funny bone; that it's no use "crying over spilt milk," because nearly nine tenths of it is water; that their wisdom (?) teeth have not come; that man perspires, but other animals sweat; that Physiology has two y's and more "Why's."

Physics III. are just finding out how long it would take them to fall from Bunker Hill monument. We hope that none of them will be obliged to experiment before they can thoroughly understand that it would take them nearly four seconds. They are also learning that a short pendulum will vibrate faster than a long one. Surely there ought now to be no slow clocks in their homes, to cause tardiness at school.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, HERBERT HOLMES.

Mabel Oxford and Carrie Baker, '93, took part in the choruses of "Priscilla."

Dr. Sheahan, '65, will read Racine's *Athalie* with French II. once a week. They are to be envied.

Helen Nutting, '93, and Marcia Reed, '94, have recently learned that some ivy does not agree with them. They now look natural.

On Thursday, October 15, twenty-four schoolmates of Gertrude Hall, '94, surprised her at her home in Newbury avenue, Atlantic. Miss Hall has been confined to the house for six weeks, and has just returned to school.

DIRECTORY OF '90.

Dolly A. Baxter—Normal Cooking school, Boston.
Grace G. Bigelow—At home.
Lucy W. Brown—Bridgewater Normal.
Ida J. Cameron—Quincy Training class.
Stella M. Crocker—At home.
Bartholomew J. Crowley—Book-keeping, Boston.
Mary A. Deasy—Shorthand writer, Boston.
Augusta E. Dell—Quincy Training class.
Henrietta J. Dell—Thayer Academy, Braintree.
Alice Dunn—Quincy Training class.
Henrietta E. Esson—Quincy Training class.
Elizabeth T. Gearin—At home.
Charles C. Hill—Carpenter, West Quincy.
Charles A. Hobart—Bookkeeper, Boston.
Annie M. McCormick—Quincy Training class.
Catherine C. McGovern—Quincy Training class.
Charles W. Miller—Studying at home.
Harry O. Parker—Technology college, Boston.

Carleton C. Perry—Architect, Boston.

Maude W. Perry—Music teacher, Newport.

Charles E. Pierce—Taunton Iron Works, Boston.

Maud E. Polsom—Bradford Academy.

John J. Reardon—E. H. Doble's, Quincy.

William L. Sullivan—Boston college.

Lucy B. Tarbox—Quincy Training class.

Florentine A. Walters—Bryant & Stratton's, Boston.

Catherine E. Walters—Bridgewater Normal.

Why should not Swin(e)burnian poetry be popular in Chicago?

Our base ball players claim that "Slide, brother, slide!" is the masculine of "Scoot, sister, scoot!" This is referred to English IV.

English III. are hunting with Doctor Holmes after his Captain. They are glad to know that, in spite of his eighty-two years, the old man is as buoyant as ever.

Eve was the first "sweet girl graduate." Her essay dealt with "Fruits and their effects." As Eve means "life-waker" it is safe to say that there was no sleeping in the audience.

"The habit of doing one's work well is not the whole of morality, but it is the heart and core of morality."

"Franklin Pierce was the fourteenth president, and his initial letters stand for fourteenth president. There are fourteen letters in his name."

"The progress of the nineteenth century towards anarchy and socialism has been considerably retarded by the great bulwark of savings bank deposits."

"If love for country, for humanity, for individual rights, be implanted in the hearts of the school children, the writers of political melancholy will have to choose some other field for their operations."

WHY DO THEY COME?

IMAGINE yourself standing on a wharf at East Boston, witnessing the arrival of a foreign vessel. You see before you the great black hulk of an ocean steamer entering the harbor. But now her machinery is motionless, her screw has taken its last turn, and she lies at her wharf. Let us board the ship. Before us stands a motley crowd indeed. Here we find the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant,—in fact, nearly all the types and characteristics of mankind are here displayed.

If we stroll about the steamer examining each group and its different quarters, we shall be well repaid. Here is the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the German with his inseparable companion, his pipe; the Swede, and the Russian Jew, whose quarters can be easily distinguished by the appetizing odor of garlic, which pervades the atmosphere, and "Why do they come?" is our thought as we gaze at the multitude. To answer, it is necessary to examine the condition of affairs in the different European countries, for it is from Europe that most of this human freight is exported.

Let us look first at Russia, that mighty empire which extends across two continents. We see an absolute monarchy where the word of the ruler is the law of the land. Is it then any wonder that so many are anxious to leave this land of abuses, this country where one's life is continually hemmed in by government officials who are ever scheming to cheat the weak and the poor?

To establish a newspaper or to open a book-store one is obliged to petition the government for the right to do so, and then wait months, perhaps years, before the officials deign to grant this request. One cannot give an entertainment for the benefit of the poor even, without official permission, for the government fears that the money thus raised may be used for

traitorous purposes. What is the result of an offence against such a government? Siberia and all its terrors, too well known to be enumerated.

In Germany we find that much dreaded and omnipresent army system, which this empire is compelled to support in order to maintain the high position she now holds among the great powers of Europe.

The reason for so much emigration from Great Britain probably does not depend so much upon the form of government, which is not severe, as it does on the desire for private gain. Ireland, however, is in a far from peaceable state, and in some parts the country is in a deplorable condition. In that country a tyrannical tenant system prevails, causing much misery and bloodshed among the poverty-stricken Irish peasants.

Italy, although so small a territory, has a dense population, therefore the inhabitants are closely huddled together; indeed, many of the poorer class of Naples are compelled to seek shelter in the caves of Vesuvius.

In Spain, the end of Europe in many respects, a peculiar caste-system of very ancient origin is an important leading cause of the emigration from that country.

Besides reasons of this nature are the low rates of passage, the shortness of the voyage, and the dishonest methods used by agents of these trans-Atlantic lines.

Whither shall they go? In America they find a government for the people, of the people, and by the people, a free country and the best educational advantages; they can build houses, live in peace and security; they are safe from oppressive and tyrannical measures, and are free to worship as they please. What glorious opportunities does this country offer the ambitious emigrant. He appears before the moat of the United States, blows his bugle, and lo, the drawbridge is up, the portcullis falls, and the gate is open unto him! He enters, and on every hand is gladly

welcomed. His entrance is not barred on account of birth, race, or color. He is the equal of all.

Which path shall he choose? By earnest and faithful attention to duty he is bound to succeed, and may perhaps become a successful business man. He may become a citizen, enter the political field and represent a portion of the people. He may hold any office with the exception of the presidency. America's great free institutions, the evening schools, public libraries, and reading rooms, will advance him on the road to success.

In conclusion, what can be a more appropriate greeting to those coming from afar than these eloquent words of Webster? "We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

—*John W. Thompson.*

MANGER-BIRTHS.

TWO simple little words, only three syllables in all, and we do not need Webster or Worcester to aid us in understanding them; yet some of the best-loved words in our language can boast of no greater power than these. When we think of manger, the lowly stable and the domestic animals naturally come to our mind, and they suggest a humble birth.

Many believe implicitly in the doctrine of inheritance, but if a man inherits good traits and does not improve them or use them for any good purpose, it is not an honor for him to point with pride to distinguished ancestry. Poe and Byron are sad illustrations of this fact, and one cannot count the people who with a goodly inheritance of mental and physical

powers have failed to develop themselves. We may find examples of manger-births in every department of life—in statesmen and generals, in philanthropists and poets, in professional and business men.

In a log-cabin in Kentucky, far away from all schools, churches, libraries, and places of instruction, miles from the nearest neighbor, a boy was born of very poor parents. So far from what we now deem necessities of life, what could be expected of him? He was flat-boat hand, country store-keeper, postmaster and surveyor, yet he managed to acquire a knowledge of law by borrowing books at an office at night, and returning them in the morning. At twenty-five he was sent to the legislature, thence to congress, and thence to the White House. As president, his life was identified with the history of his country. Thus Abraham Lincoln rose from flat-boat hand on the Mississippi to president of the United States.

In South Danvers, now named Peabody from the name of its benefactor, stands a house which is always visited by strangers because it was the home of one of our greatest philanthropists. On that spot lived George Peabody, the boy of poverty and the millionaire philanthropist. What an amount of good he did for both America and England! He gave two and a half millions for dwelling-houses for the poor in London, and three and a half millions for the education of the poor in the southern states. He endowed museums for Harvard and Yale, and also one in Salem.

Who shall represent the poets? Why!—

"All honor and praise to that right-hearted bard,
Who was true to the cause when such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave,
When to look but a protest in silence was brave."

Who has not read the Voices of Freedom? Whittier was not born of rich parents. On the contrary, he was born in very poor circumstances, and until his eighteenth

year lived on a farm, working there in the summer and in a shoemaker's shop in the winter. His scanty education was increased by two years' academic training. No one who has not felt the cold or the wildness of the storm could have written *Snow-Bound*, the best poetic description of our New England winters that has ever been produced.

"This shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." Thus was the news of the greatest manger-birth conveyed to the world, the birth that brought with it the first vital breath of christianity. Rome was at the zenith of her power, and all authority rested with one man, Augustus, when the star of Bethlehem proclaimed that humble birth over eighteen hundred years ago. As White says, "Whilst in the enjoyment of his pre-eminence, the Roman emperor was unconscious that in the village of Judea, in the lowest rank of life, amongst the most contemned tribe of his dominion, his Master was born." Under the same roof with an ox and an ass, Christ, the Saviour of mankind, came upon the earth. Could there have been a birth more lowly, yet where is such majesty and power! What hope did His birth bring to the low classes of that day? Had He come as an earthly king as the Jews expected, what influence could manger-births have had? But His birth showed that if the Son of God was willing to come upon this earth in a stable, it is surely no disgrace to be of humble birth. Throughout His life, too, He was associated with the lower class, which was another cause of their rise in the estimation of the world.

The influence of manger-births on the world is great. When men of such birth succeed in being represented in the government, the condition of the laboring class is better understood, and such laws as will be beneficial to them will be enacted. The success of men of manger-births in America inspires

great hope in those of lowly birth, because of the wonderful opportunities offered them. Then let us—

"Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit and forget yourself in thought:
Pending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! for in the grave there is no
work
And no device.—Press on! while yet
you may!"

Qui fait le mal, trouve le mal;
Qui fait le bien, trouve le bien.

—*Frances C. Sullivan.*

"The common school is the infant republic, because in the common school all castes, classes, shades of belief, meet and learn to love and live for each other. Under the divine influence of the common school that bigotry and hate and narrowness which perpetuate fixed ideas vanish and give place to the profoundest human sympathy. The supreme duty of a nation is to give to each and all the liberty and the means of becoming free. Liberty is granted by constitutions and laws. The common school is the one central institution which presents to each the means of freedom."

"The common school has for its ideal the common education of all the people of a nation, of all races, classes, sexes, and sects, and social positions in one school, common to all, from the kindergarten to the university inclusive. Thus the ideal education of America makes the kindergarten, the high school, and the university as free to all as are the primary and grammar schools. The ideal education of the common school comprehends all charities; it sums them up in one gift, that of character."

"New Orleans has a sugar school under state auspices. The course of two years will fit the students to cultivate the cane and manufacture the sugar profitably. There are five professors of sugar agriculture, sugar chemistry, analytic chemistry, sugar mechanics, and sugar making. There is also a small sugar plantation and plant."

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

The Beacon, Vol. I. No. 1, is very interesting. The column headed Our Book Table is a good feature of the paper.

One can gain much information concerning the Japanese by reading the "Lecture by Rev. E. G. Porter," in The Stranger.

The Cadet speaks of growth in the Maine State College and of a year of good work. This paper and the Oak, Lily and Ivy are obliged to write *In Memoriam*. We trust that we shall be spared this painful task.

After we have turned the cover upside down several times to see what makes us dizzy when looking at it, we open The Record of the English high school, Boston, and read of military matters. As we believe that all high schools should have a military drill, we congratulate the said school and commiserate ourselves.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy is a very pleasing paper. The composition entitled "Fashionable Follies" is especially entertaining and contains much common sense. We cannot help wondering what the good democrats of the town will say to the advertisement (?) on the inside of the cover. Ought a school paper to be used for political purposes?

As the September and October numbers of The Golden Rod are separated from each other by only one week, we have not had time to send our paper and receive exchanges. However, four papers have been placed in our hands by friends, and we have examined them with pleasure. Our exchanges will see that our experience is very limited, for this is only Vol. I. No. 2, and therefore we read for entertainment and instruction. We hope to correct our own faults by our private criticisms of our exchanges. Publicly, however, we shall try to sympa-

thize with the good intentions of those who have voluntarily undertaken so much hard work, and speak of what is best.

SCISSORS.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

Nothing sinks so gently and so deeply into men's minds as examples.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us.

Do not ask if a man has been through the high school. Ask if the high school has been through him.

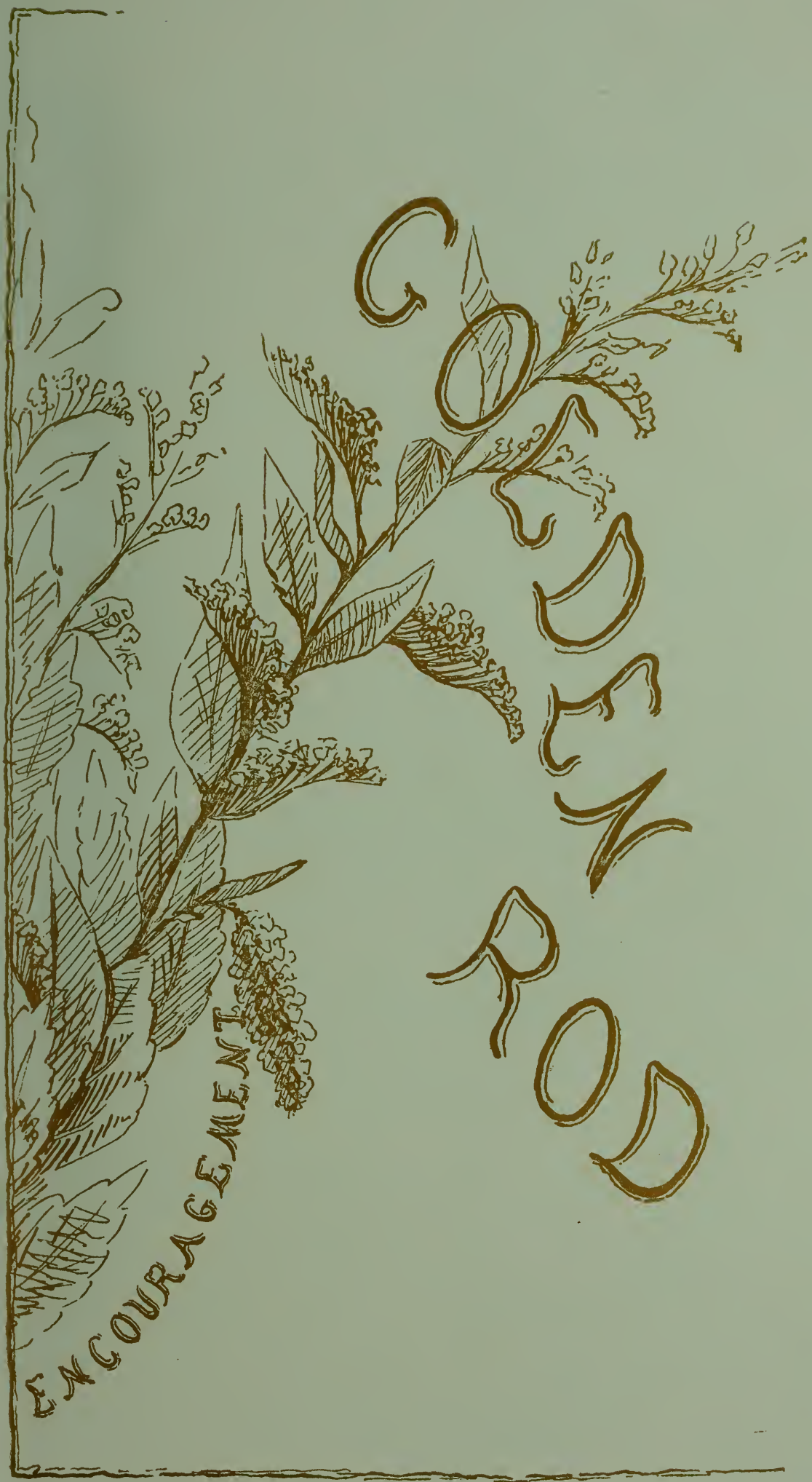
Every person has two educations;—one which he receives from others, and one more important which he gives himself.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

Railway statistics show that the American takes 27 railway trips a year, the Englishman 19, the Belgian 11, the Frenchman, the German, Swede, Norwegian, and the Spaniard five each, while the Turk, the Swiss and Italian take but one each.

The Egyptian pyramids, mausoleum of Artemisia, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, the Pharos, or watch tower of Alexandria, are the seven wonders of the ancient world.

An Italian immigrant carried a stiletto; a German immigrant carried a bundle; a Portuguese immigrant carried a banjo; an Irish immigrant carried a baby; a Syrian immigrant carried a pouchful of trinkets; a Scotch immigrant carried a plaid and a bunch of heather; a Russian Hebrew immigrant carried a purse containing a few foreign coins, and a Scandinavian immigrant carried himself as straight as an arrow.



GOOD
BY
ROSE

ENCOURAGEMENT

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 3.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

GO back three thousand years, and find the Jews from the north, south, east, and west gathered at Jerusalem, where they spent a week in mirth, feasting, praying, and in praising God for the harvests He had sent them. Go up among the ancient Greeks during their nine festal days, and see them standing about the altars, dressed in gay attire, praising and worshiping their Demeter, to whom they all vowed the best of their harvests. Step over into Rome during its festal day in the early autumn, and there you will find the rich and the poor together, wreathed with corn and flowers, forming processions in the fields, dancing and singing, all in honor of generous Ceres, the goddess of fruits and grains. Again, had you lived in England in the year 827 when Egbert, the first king, reigned, a very pleasant sight to gaze upon on some autumn day would have been the gay lads and lassies with their quaint garments, their crowns of fruits and grains, singing and dancing on the green about a great bonfire; and as night closed over them, retiring to their humble cots, and closing the day with feasting and prayer. All these ancient peoples then, had their feast or festal days which

corresponded to our Thanksgiving, long before our country was heard of. Nevertheless we claim that the custom of an American Thanksgiving originated in our own state of Massachusetts, and well may we be proud of its origin and results.

S.

Thanksgiving Day again is here to witness the pictures of pleasant family reunions, heavily laden tables, and gathered harvests, to bring before us the vision of that one little "solitary vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea." I wonder how many of us, when seated by the fireside enjoying the company of dear friends and relatives on our Thanksgiving Day, give one thought to its origin and founders, to that band of noble pilgrims landing upon the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, tired, weak, and forlorn, without money, shelter, or provisions. Whence came they? Let the poet tell:—

"From Leyden and landed once more,
One day in December, on Plymouth's
bleak shore:

Then they waged a fierce fight till the
winter was past

With Famine and Death, but they con-
quered at last:

And though half their number were laid
'neath the sod,

Yet the rest never faltered, but trusted
in God.

And then, as the year went rolling
around,

They garnered the harvest He sent, from
the ground.

Of acres of corn they had just a score,
And of barley and peas, six of each, and
no more:

But their pumpkins were golden, their
wild grapes were sweet,

And wild deer and water fowl furnished
them meat.

They thanked God and took courage,
for that was their way.

And the Governor appointed a Thanks-
giving Day."

S.

Although the first day set apart by the people of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for a New England Thanksgiving was in 1633, yet when they first stepped upon the soil of America, they gave thanks to God for the freedom they found. This was the origin of our present Thanksgiving. There have been many occasions in the annals of history for great national thanksgivings, notable among them being the Declaration of Independence, the Adoption of the Constitution, and the close of the war which abolished slavery in our land. As this day which is appointed annually by the governor comes near the close of the autumn season, let us think of it as a day of happiness, of feasting, and of returning thanks to God for the innumerable blessings He showers upon us day by day. Most of all, let us think of the founders of this custom, compare their circumstances and surroundings with ours, and try to realize how earnest should be our thanksgiving.

S.

What are you reading? This question will doubtless receive various answers, for in these days there is no scarcity of books and almost everyone is reading something; but how few people read with a definite object in view. Good judgment should be used in the choice of books, and a person ought not to condemn a book simply for the reason that he does not understand it. For example, we have heard many young people condemn the works of Shakspeare, Milton, and other great writers, because the books did not prove entertaining to them. Some have read the works of those authors because they are great classics, and it sounds quite learned to say, "I have read all of Shakspeare's works;" but if those who read did not grasp the true meaning and beauty of the written thoughts, no great benefit was derived from the reading. There are many entertaining and instructive books which do not require deep thought

on the part of the reader, and yet may prove profitable to both young and old. Those who do not enjoy the great classics may obtain much pleasure from reading these books.

R.

The citizens of Quincy have a great blessing in their public library. There are historical, biographical, and poetical works; there are books of classic prose, of travel, and of fiction, so that every one can find books which will prove interesting to him. The benefit derived from the library is inestimable. The public schools are especially benefited by the kindness of the trustees in allowing the teachers to borrow, on what is called the school card, any books which they think will be of use to the pupils in their various studies. How much this great privilege would have been appreciated by those pupils who, in the days when books were scarce, hungered for more knowledge than could be obtained from their school text-books. Let us show that we are grateful for the advantages offered us.

R.

Many busy people say, "I have no time to read." Perhaps they may not have an unbroken hour in the day to devote to reading, but often when they are obliged to wait for some one or some thing, they might read two or three pages of a good book, instead of fretting over the delay. Many persons have obtained much knowledge and pleasure from thus utilizing their spare moments. Time spent in carefully reading a good book is time well employed, for the mind of the reader is always improved thereby.

"We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books. Writing makes a correct man; reading a full man."

R.

The best police system in the world is a thoroughly equipped and well-managed school system. Next to the church comes the school-house.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, HERBERT HOLMES.

Agnes C. Bennett has said good-bye to '94.

George Whittemore, '95, has entered Adams academy.

Principal Lull has just been engaged by Paul Revere Post, G. A. R., to give its memorial address next May.

T. Henry Wason of the Prince school, Boston; Edith W. Jennings, '91; Mrs. C. N. Baxter; and Miss Nellie Pickering, assistant of the Manchester (N. H.) high school, have visited us during this month.

Dr. Sheahan, our special committee-man, and Mr. Claflin, chairman of the school committee, smiled upon us Wednesday, Oct. 28. On account of the absence of our French teacher, the doctor kindly presided over French II.

DIRECTORY OF '89.

Mary E. Bates—School of Physical Culture, Boston.

Maria E. Drew—Thayer academy, Braintree.

Lucy P. Eaton—Assistant teacher, Willard school.

Lillian W. Hammond—Teaching on Cape Cod.

Mary M. McNally—Quincy Training class.

Lela O. Maxon—At home.

Cora A. Newcomb—Teaching in Quincy.

Mary A. Pfaffmann—Training in Quincy.

Ellen E. Ring—Quincy Training class.

Mary M. Souther—Bridgewater Normal.

Margaret M. Thompson—At home.

David L. Whittemore—Shipper for Whittemore Bros.

Clarence E. Fuller—At home.

Ernest D. Gourd—Book-keeper, Boston.

Lucy L. Hayes—Studying music.

Mary E. Lavers—Drawing teacher in New Jersey.

Minnie W. Litchfield—At home.

Harriet B. Pierce—Book-keeping in Lewis's boot and shoe store.

Ellen C. Welsh—Teaching in Quincy.

Honora Z. Burns—Book-keeping, Boston.

Wm. R. Thomas—With Swithen Bros.

DIRECTORY OF '88.

Lillian L. Barker—At home.

Catharina W. Billings—Teaching.

Abbie B. Brackett—Book-keeping, Boston.

Margarett A. Callahan—At home.

Hannah F. Cannon—Teaching, Quincy.

William I. Chubbock—Boot and shoe store, Boston.

Charlotte F. Donovan—Teaching, Quincy.

Agnes Dunn—Died, November, 1890.

Frank A. Emery—Carpenter, Wollaston.

Grace W. Emery—Teaching.

George F. Field—At home.

Mabel S. Hodges—At home.

George W. Holden—T. A. Whicher's, Boston.

Frederick E. Jones—At home.

Lillie F. Marsh—At home.

Bartlett A. McLane—Machinist, Wollaston.

Leila A. Miller—Bank, Quincy.

Janet G. Patterson—Bridgewater Normal.

Alice C. Ring—Stenographer, Boston.

Elizabeth Sullivan—Teaching in Quincy.

Jesse G. Swift—Commercial traveler.

Mary E. Tanner—Book-keeping, Quincy.

Addie L. Tupper—Book-keeping, Quincy.

Minnie E. Welsh—Teaching in Quincy.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing.

Knowledge cannot be stolen from us. It cannot be bought or sold. We may be poor and the sheriff may come and sell our furniture, but the law's hand cannot be laid upon the jewelry of our minds.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Drawing II. are learning how to sketch monkeys' heads and frying-pans.

Who wrote in his last composition, "There are no drachm shops in Quincy"?

French III. Teacher—Translate "*Jules, as-tu un chat?*"

Pupil—Julius, you are a cat.

Literature II. so far believes in altruism that it will allow others to have its time for speaking.

According to Physics, the quotation "Work while you work, play while you play," must be nonsense.

The surroundings of the desk and piano in the large room resemble a hive of bees when the Golden Rod is being distributed.

English IV. Teacher—Use the preposition "throughout" in a sentence.

Pupil—I threw out the book to him.

Think of a ballot-box with a crank on one side and another before it! Such was the condition of affairs November 3, if certain men voted.

Civil Government II. Pupil—Will carbonic-acid gas put out a cinder?

Teacher—Yes, and it will "put out" you if you are too near.

A member of Rhetoricals III. knew his declamation so perfectly that when he came to the end he remained on the platform trying to call to mind the next stanza.

A member of the Fourth class informs us that the colors of the covers of the Golden Rod are green, blue, pink, lavender and *bluff*. He has evidently mistaken the inside for the out.

French III. Teacher—Ice cream, although so cold, becomes heated before reaching the stomach.

Pupil—Then why is it so cold going down?

Teacher—Because you eat too much.

The three political parties are the Republican, Democratic, and *Mugwump*.

Have you noticed the change in the large bookcase? Can you add to the collection?

Government II. can now give our city fathers points on elections and the duties of city officials.

Two young ladies of the Second class had experience in teaching during the absence of one of our teachers.

Our first compositions of this year were passed in on Thursday, Oct. 29. There were nearly a dozen subjects.

Physics III. has studied sixty-five pages and locates information as in the first part of the book. Shrewd guessers in that class!

Civil Government II. Teacher—What is one of the punishments for capital crime?

Pupil—Death by the bulletin. (Guillotine.)

Physics III. is somewhat tangled by toggles. When the bended arm is suddenly extended and the fist comes in contact with an opposing body, then the toggle-joint is straightened and W.'s distance is very evident.

Physics III. were quite shocked when they learned that they never play, but that every motion and act is work. However, they realize that some kinds of work are more pleasant than others, and that is what they call "play."

WANTED—A new world. Present samples to the

FERDINAND-ISABELLA CO.

Spain, Thursday, Oct. 11, 1492.

FOUND—A new world. The owner should apply to

C. COLUMBUS,

St. Salvador, Friday, Oct. 12, 1492.

Physics III. Teacher—Your answer is nonsense. Teacher (to next pupil repeating the answer of the first)—Your answer is twice nonsense, as it is the same as his. Teacher (to third pupil ditto)—Your answer is thrice nonsense, because it is the same as both the others.

WHY SHOULD I BE THANK-
FUL?

I AM thankful for my sound health. I have few days of illness, and therefore can enjoy to the utmost the blessings that the days bring to me.

I possess good hearing, good sight, and my mental abilities are sufficient to make my efforts in my study successful. Thankful I am to be able to see the innumerable beauties of nature, and to hear the voices of my parents and friends. I can see and enjoy the various works of man, his buildings, his paintings, and his many inventions. I am gifted with speech, and am therefore able to converse with my fellowman. I can sing, and thus delight in the melodies which stir the noble sentiments of man. My hands enable me to perform many a pleasant task.

The city of Quincy furnishes all necessary material besides school-buildings and instructors, for obtaining a good practical education. My teachers are kind to me, they encourage me and help me with my studies whenever I need assistance. I have the use of books from the public library, and thus I can increase my knowledge.

Providence has blessed my nation with a free government. That is, free so far as each individual does not interfere with the rights of his fellowman. There are no titled castes to prevent one rising in society or political office. Every individual can ascend as high as his abilities permit.

Peace reigns at home this year among the people of my nation. The harvests have been great and have caused many necessities of life to be diminished in cost. We have not suffered severely from contagious diseases, from floods, or from great fires in my city.

I have a home, pleasant, comfortable and cheerful. There are many things to entertain me there. I can sew, help in the duties of the home, read, and study. I am grateful to be of use to my

parents, sisters, and brothers, to repay them for their kindness and care for me. My father and mother look after my health, provide food for the support of my body, and furnish clothing to keep it warm, and thus maintain its life. They anticipate my future needs by striving to give me a good education. As in the present, so in the past have they wrought for my welfare. I have sisters and brothers who are very kind to me. They give me many useful things and help me in my studies when I ask their aid.

My friends come to visit, and spend the evenings with me, and the time is passed very pleasantly in conversation and story-telling.

I am thankful for my religious belief. It teaches me in what manner to pass my life so that I may merit a life of happiness hereafter. My conscience teaches me right from wrong in performing my duties and in all my actions, so that I have its approval, and life is dearer to me thereby.

For all these blessings should I not then give thanks to God, the Giver of them all, on this annual Thanksgiving Day?

—Catherine T. O'Brien, '93.

IN FIELD AND WOOD.

COME out into the pleasant sunshine of a bright fall day. The birds above us are singing their farewell songs, before they leave us and the cold weather to fly to the sunny South. The squirrels are gathering the nuts and acorns for their winter food. They seem to be playing hide-and-seek with us; but we are mistaken; for as soon as they see us they run into their homes in the walls or in the trees.

The leaves have changed their summer apparel of green and are clothing themselves in garments of yellow, red, and brown. How pretty they look as they gracefully fall to the ground. They chase each other from the branches, and the wind lifts them gently from one place to another. They do not

have much quiet or rest after they leave their homes on the trees.

Summer, the green fields, and the summer flowers have gone; but must we lose heart because of their loss? Ah, no, for if we look around us, we shall find that autumn has supplied us with flowers of richest colors. Among them we notice the beautiful golden rod, nodding to and fro with the light breezes. It is sometimes called the "Bride of the Autumn Sun," and is a flower that is esteemed from north to south in our country, because it has such a bright and gay color.

The large green ferns which are so numerous in this part of the country, add a lovely shade of green to our woods. The scarlet sage, too, a strong, tall-growing plant, having a rich dark green foliage, lifts its brilliant scarlet flowers in a graceful way that makes the plant noticeable everywhere. This flower, combined with yellow hollyhocks, gives a striking effect to our autumn gardens.

In autumn all things look rich, from the red and yellow apples, the purple clusters of grapes, the russet pears, to the corn which stands so thick in the valleys "that they laugh and sing." The corn suggests a jolly husking party. The squashes and pumpkins that are brought in from the garden make us think of Thanksgiving Day and of the gratitude we owe to the Giver.

Among the most fascinating scenes of autumn are the beautiful sunsets. Although the sun sets very early, we may see the beautiful reflections for some time after it has gone down. Then it is that the air grows cooler, and it is time for us to return to our homes. What greater pleasure is there than a stroll through the fields and woods to see the—

"Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves.
Autumn gives us ere she leaves."

—*Mabel E. Oxford, '93.*

MY OLD HOME.

OF all the places of which I have any knowledge I prefer for a home San Francisco. Situated as it is on the beautiful San Francisco Bay on the west coast of California, its location is unsurpassed.

The climate is perfect. Nowhere else do we find such delightful early springs; for scarcely has winter departed when the hills about the city become one mass of blossoms. Among these are found roses, pansies, tulips, goldcups, bluebells, violets, buttercups, and such a variety as would surprise our friends of colder climates. Summer is still more lovely, if possible, without the excessive heat common in cities of the east; for the trade-winds from the Pacific tend to cool and clear the atmosphere. The fall and winter seasons are mild and pleasant, the flowers continuing to bloom as in the summer.

Just imagine for an instant the city itself, with its wide, clean streets and broad, tiled sidewalks. There are immense business blocks on either side, and lines of electric and cable cars, also carriages of all descriptions, and yet none of the distressing turmoil so usual elsewhere; for here activity is a pleasure, and even the animals seem glad to be living.

An object of interest as well as beauty in the midst of the business portion is the Lotta fountain, which was presented to the city by Lotta, the celebrated Californian actress. Here, too, we see the Palace Hotel, one of the largest and best equipped fire-proof buildings in the world. From Knobb Hill, which is the home of the late Mark Hopkins, Senator Stanford, and other well-known millionaires, the finest view of the city is to be had. Especially at night is this outlook beautiful, when the electric lights seem parallel lines of light from bay to ocean.

Fruit and vegetables of all countries are to be had in this, the largest commercial port of the Pacific

coast, with its extensive lines of steamships to the Sandwich Islands, Japan and China.

Its educational system is complete in every way. From its well-known Kindergarten system to the academies and colleges it is second to no city in the west.

Out by the Cliff House and Seal Rocks one may drive for miles on the hard, smooth beach, with a view of the broad expanse of the Pacific beyond the Golden Gate. From any part of the city we may take electric cars to connect with cable cars which will convey us to the Presideo. Here are situated the barracks, with the companies of United States troops. When the preparations are completed which are now being carried on, San Francisco will be one of the best fortified cities on our coast. Who would not like to live in this ideal city of luxuriance, prosperity, and peace?

—*Margie L. Souther, '94.*

THE QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

THE approach to the school building is not what the pretentious name, High School avenue, would imply, but it is rather a short and narrow road leading from an attractive part of Elm street, and would hardly be noticed by a passer-by.

The yard of the school, surrounded by a neat picket fence in front and high board fence at the rear, is situated at the foot of this road, where it forms a right-angle as it turns towards Quincy avenue. From the front gate a plank walk leads to the girls' entrance of the building. Custom has assigned the space to the right of this to the girls for recreation and play; whereas the left side, which is by far the prettier, is the play-ground of the boys. The latter side is rendered more attractive than the other by a number of large, handsome trees, and grass-covered, sloping ground with a fine landscape view beyond.

The outside of the building is very plain in architecture and it

appears insignificant for its purpose; yet it is neat and tidy in appearance. It is a frame building, painted drab with darker trimmings. Upon entering, you find yourself in a small, poorly lighted hall, from which a very narrow stairway leads to the second floor. Two sides of this hall are provided with hooks for the girls' wraps. Leading from the hall to the right is a long, narrow corridor or entry, which leads to two recitation rooms, one on the right and one on the left. The boys' entrance is directly opposite the girls', in the front projection of the building, with a stairway similar to the one described. The entrances, with the two recitation rooms, constitute the lower floor. The second floor, besides the stair-landing, contains one large shoolroom, well lighted, and having a seating capacity of one hundred pupils. This room connects with a small recitation room.

The entire building is furnished plainly but comfortably with the usual school furniture. The walls are provided with blackboards in the usual manner, and also have a series of maps or charts fastened to the walls by means of brackets. The upper floor contains two book-cases, one in the entry, and one in the smaller room. The walls are adorned with several pictures, among which are Longfellow's and Holmes's. Both were presented by the class of '91. In the large room are also life-size busts of Washington and Lincoln. Between them are two national flags made of silk. The rooms are heated by two furnaces.

As to the needs of the school, these are more apparent to the principal and teachers than they can be to one who has been a pupil only two months. However, it appears that the building is even now inadequate in size and accommodation for the present number of pupils, and it may be reasonably supposed that this number will increase from year to year. It also seems that there is need of a larger library, more reference books,

maps, and charts, and also a greater supply of models and apparatus for illustrating the physical sciences. The furniture, also, can be improved in size and quality, particularly for the higher classes; and a larger number of suitable pictures, paintings, busts, and statues are desirable, which, besides being instructive, would make the rooms much more cheerful and attractive.

In school work, I should say that besides the help of teachers, I am aided by the example, and the assistance of pupils who are faithful in their work, as well as by assistance from my parents.

I am glad that I entered the High school as I am glad of any progress made, and also because I have the opportunity of increasing my knowledge to a greater extent than heretofore. My studies are interesting, and if my time in this school is profitably spent, the knowledge gained here will be of great value to me in my future life. I hope before long to see the present High school building remodeled and enlarged, and furnished in a manner deserving of its name, so that it will be a credit to the city of Quincy and a pride to its principal and teachers, whose care, kindness, and consideration we all should appreciate.

—*Catharina Christiansen, '95.*

SCISSORS.

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

There is an angel in each of us that touches a key of joy when we do a right act.

A man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge pays the best interest.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

Our exchanges are increasing, and we are glad to make so many acquaintances.

The Oracle lacks an exchange column. We think it might give up one of its three columns of notes for this purpose.

"A Luckless Adventure" in the Oracle, and "My First Experience in Cooking" in the Oak, Lily and Ivy, are two very entertaining compositions.

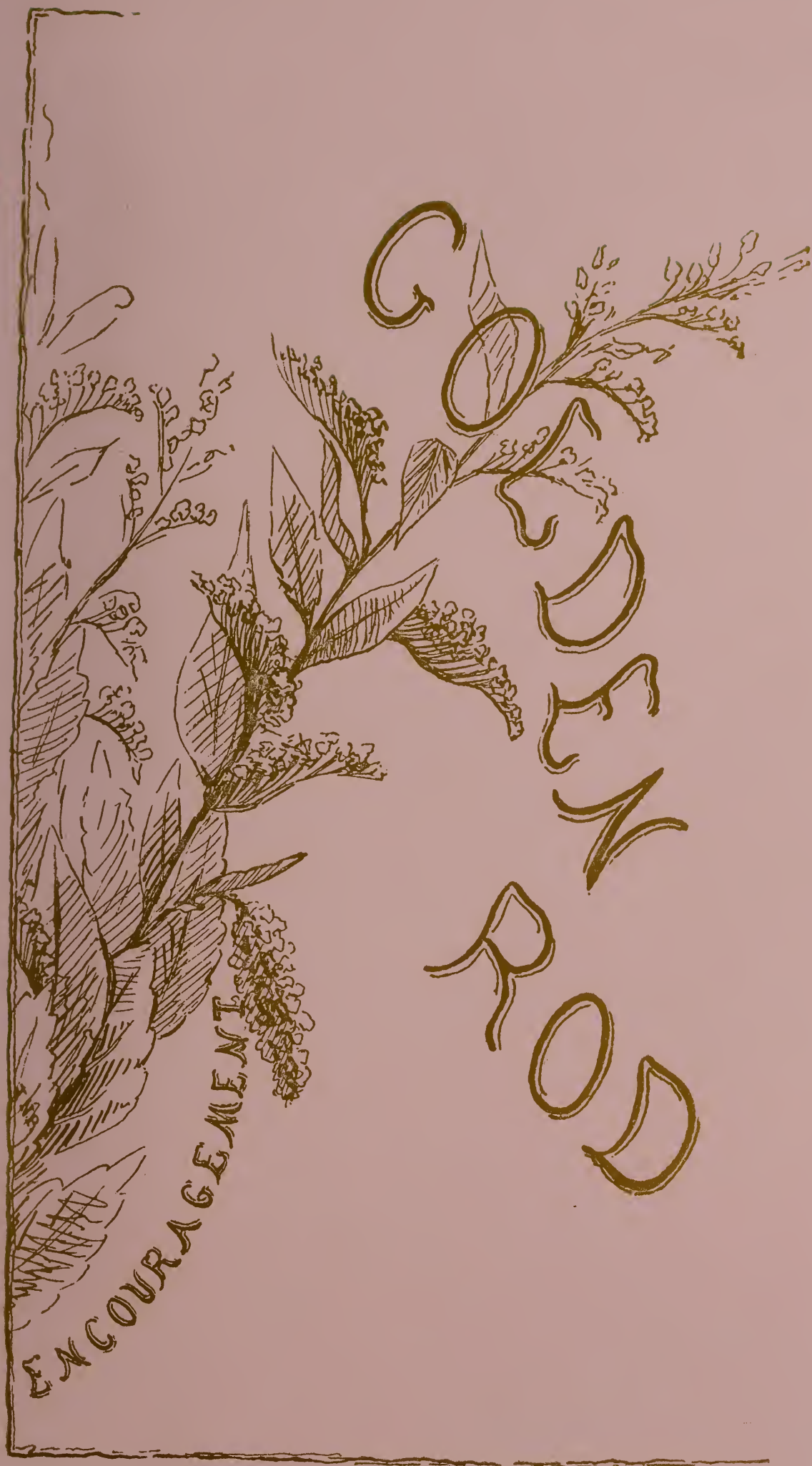
The English High School Enterprise is one of the best papers we have received so far. It contains eleven pages of reading matter and one of advertisements. The cuts at the head of some of its columns give it an attractive appearance.

Although we cannot claim lineage as illustrious as that of the Jabberwock, (Girl's Latin School, Boston,) which declares itself the only living representative of its race, because, phoenix-like, it sprang from the ashes of its predecessor; yet we of the Golden Rod family, with our fifty-three relatives, have a history for which we do not blush.

While The Times of New Bedford doubtless has a strong argument against the signing of editorials, giving egotism or desire to escape blame as the chief reasons to support it, the two leading papers of Boston and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper in many cases not only sign their editorials, but go so far as to have the autograph of the writer attached.

The Academician (Pembroke academy, N. H.,) is a very interesting paper; but as we read through its columns we fail to see the names of the authors of its leading articles. We were also disappointed by the editorials, as the greater part of them seemed to belong more properly to the local department. The publication as a whole is bright and entertaining.





QUINCY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
QUINCY, MASS.
THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 4.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

"This is the month and this the happy
morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal
King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did
bring.
For so the holy sages once did sing:
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual
peace."

THE month and day of Christ's
birth are uncertain, but the
community at Rome fixed the date
as December 25, since from the
remote past it had been observed
as the "Birth-day of the Uncon-
querable Sun." Therefore we cele-
brate the greatest holiday of the
year on this day. We greet it with
illuminations and carols, the peal-
ing of chimes, and the display of
evergreens.

*

Christmas means a mass or reli-
gious service, and so we hold
this service in memory of Him
who is the "Light of the World."
In England, Christmas is welcomed
with great ceremony, and on its
eve the people gather in their
homes to burn the great Yule Log.
The Germans have a similar holi-
day after the shortest day of the
year, and it is to them we owe the
custom of having Christmas trees.
In Holland, they have the festival

on St. Nicholas's Day, corrupted
into Sinter-klaas, and by us into
Santa Claus.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

S.

*

It is evening. The children,
with anxious, uneasy faces, are sit-
ting by the fireside, listening to
stories about a personage whose
popularity extends broadcast over
America, especially at this time.
Now the stories are completed.
Stockings, some large, some small,
are being hung about the room,
and the little ones retire to spend
a very long and tedious night. As
soon as daylight appears on the fol-
lowing morning, we hear exclama-
tions of joy and the sound of little
feet pattering about the house.
Why all these bright faces, and all
this happiness? Ah! It is Merry
Christmas Day, the happiest festi-
val of all the year; the season of
merry greetings; the time of sweet
surprises for little men and little
women, and the exchange of gifts
among the old as well as young.

S.

*

This is the time when we prize,
above everything else, a "fat
pocket-book." There are so many
presents to buy and so many
friends to whom we should like to
send tokens of remembrance, that
after our list has been reduced
again and again, we still find that
we must leave some for Santa
Claus to remember. When we
travel about the stores of some
large city, and see all the useful
and beautiful things which have
been invented in recent years for
our benefit, we think of the great
contrast between these and the
gifts furnished for the people of
ancient times. How our grand-
parents would have treasured the

books and toys which are so numerous now. We seldom think of all the privileges we enjoy that were not offered even to our own parents when they were children.

S.

*

A German proverb reads, "Where music is not, the devil enters." If the opposite is true, His Satanic Majesty can find no opportunity to enter our school, for every morning, Thursdays excepted, we devote twenty or thirty minutes to vocal music. This year our first song was "Awake! Awake!" a song of the morning, as its name suggests, appealing to mortals to shake off all drowsiness, and enjoy bright sunshine, flowers and singing birds. Although the summer season has passed, we have only to sing this song to behold in imagination all the glories of a mid-summer morning. Our next song was the "Cradle Song," a beautiful, soothing melody, illustrating well the poet's words:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

R.

*

We are now working upon "A Song of the Sea," and we agree with that person who said that "this song is more of a waker than 'Awake!' itself." While singing this piece we can almost feel the rocking of the vessel upon the heaving billows, the breath of the ocean upon our faces, and hear the sailors crying "Heave-ho," as they hoist the heavy sails.

"I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—

Waves in the sun—the white winged
gleam

Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—

And far-off sails which flit before the
south wind free."

But our dream of the sea must end, for the singing hour is over and we must go to our recitation rooms. All, however, feel better for the pleasant half-hour which has been spent, and all are glad that instruction in music is furnished in the Quincy schools.

R.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

O how often is this sacred command forgotten; how often do we carelessly pass judgment upon a human being, regardless of the wrong and sorrow our words may work. A man is disgraced, he has perhaps become a thief or a drunkard, or has proved false to some trust; many are ready to condemn, but few stretch out a helping hand to their fallen brother. How many have given up the struggle to become better men for want of one word of kindness and sympathy. What right have the virtuous to condemn the fallen? Do they know how strong a temptation was placed before the one whose strength has failed, or how fierce was the struggle against the temptation? No; and yet they have only harsh words of blame for him whose life has been darkened by his disgrace. Those who condemn forget that "with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

R.

*

We need not go out into the busy world to find examples of forgetfulness of Christ's command, for it is illustrated in every school-room. "Do you like Patience Day?" "No, she is too proud." "What a dunce Daniel Knight is." Is Patience Day so very proud? Perhaps not, her classmates may have mistaken a sensitive, retiring nature for a proud one. With regard to Daniel Knight, he may have abilities, which, though dormant now, will in future prove a blessing to mankind. Yet a little thing may brighten or darken a day, and if the criticisms of their classmates are overheard by Patience and Daniel, the former will be saddened and the latter discouraged. Let us be more careful when we speak of others, and take to heart the lesson contained in the words of C. C. Everett: "One should ask in regard to any proposed act or speech, 'Is it right?' 'Is it kind?' 'Is it fair?' 'Is it true?'"

R.

Electrocution has supplanted the rope in New York state, but Christmas stockings will still be hung.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN. HERBERT HOLMES.

Israel Damon, '95, is at Adams Academy.

Georgia Miner, '95, is learning millinery in Boston.

John Kelliher, '95, is learning printing at the Ledger office.

Superintendent Rothe of Marlboro and Gertrude L. Stone, normal instructor of the Maine Wesleyan and Female college, visited us this month. We also received calls from Annie J. Eaton and Carrie B. Gannett, both of '91.

DIRECTORY OF '86.

Maggie M. Badger—Bookkeeping, Quincy.

Mabel L. Baxter—At Quincy library.

Jeanette M. Billings—Teaching, Quincy.

Rena M. Chamberlain—Teaching, Wollaston.

Susan M. Foley—Bookkeeping, Milton.

Alice B. Hersey—Teaching, Quincy.

Elizabeth E. Jones—At home.

Georgiana Lane—Art school, Boston.

Caroline Leben—Teaching, Quincy.

Caroline Litchfield (Packard)—Quincy.

Henrietta A. McDonald (Gourd)—Quincy.

Minnie M. Rodgers—Bookkeeping, Braintree.

Mabel A. Shaw (Pfaffman)—Quincy.

Caroline M. Slumk—Teaching, Quincy.

Clara E. Thompson—Bridgewater Normal.

Nellie M. Thompson—Teaching, Wollaston.

Elsie A. White—Nurse at City Hospital.

Mary A. Worcester—Teaching, Quincy.

Isabel L. Albee—Bookkeeping, Boston.

Marcia Dickey—Bookkeeping, Boston.

Ichabod H. Jones—Draughtsman, Boston.

Ada M. Nightingale—Stenographer, City Hall.

Leila C. Ordway—Bookkeeping, Boston.

James A. L. Pierce—At E. B. Souther's, Quincy.

Clara B. Pitts (Dunbar)—Brockton.

DIRECTORY OF '87.

Annie K. Bailey—At R. D. Chase's office, Quincy.

Frederick E. Betts—American Express Co., Boston.

Mary E. Biganess—Bookkeeping, Boston.

Ethel A. Burke—Boston Normal school of gymnastics.

Annie M. Cahill—Teaching, Quincy.

May S. Cole—Teaching, Rhode Island.

Minnie F. Eaton—Teaching, Atlantic.

Helen L. Foster—At home.

Margaret E. Haley—Teaching, Quincy.

Percival A. Hall—Everett Piano Co., Boston.

Harry W. Lakin—

Fannie W. Osborn—Teaching, Quincy.

Marcella L. Pierce—Teaching, Quincy.

William L. Reardon—Stone-cutting, Quincy.

Florence G. Roberts—At home.

Helen J. Sullivan—Teaching, Quincy.

Julia A. Williams—Teaching, Quincy.

Through a letter written to a member of the Fourth class, we learn that the Golden Rod has reached Rev. D. M. Wilson of the Quincy Unitarian church, who is now in New Orleans. In his letter he mentioned visiting a private institution named for our own city, "The Quincy School." He says, "Everywhere in New Orleans the Quincy method prevails." Also, "One teacher calls herself a 'rampant Parkerite'." We shall be very glad to hear about our sister school, even if it is so far away.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Goodbye to 1891.

Hurrah! Christmas is here.

Vacation is very welcome.

No examinations until the end of the half-year in January.

A cubic foot of iron will float on water, according to Physics III.

Query—Who cracked the mirror in the girls' hall? Is there some Venus in disguise among us?

Teacher to Supt.—I sent a boy for you. Did he head you off?

Supt.—I met the boy, but I still have my head.

Here is an original definition for an isosceles triangle, given by a pupil of Geometry III: "An isosceles triangle is a triangle which has an isosceles triangle in it."

The Second class have been greatly amused by the drawings of mechanical powers with which Physics III. have daily decorated our blackboards. They have vivid remembrances of last year.

French III. Teacher—Translate "*Celle de satin est pour ma tante.*"

Pupil—"Will you have these stockings of wool or cotton?"

This was the translation of the next sentence in the lesson, which the pupil had memorized.

If Physiology II. dwells long enough upon the subject of Dietetics, there is great hope that all the "*high livers*" may work down into place. It might be suggested, perhaps with benefit to some, that arrows placed in the drainage pipes indicate the direction of currents of air, and not of *snakes* working their way into the house.

Our principal is trying an experiment on us. Immediately after the short selection from the Bible at the opening of school he reads two or three pages from Dr. Evèret's new book on ethics. The author has expressed his ideas so clearly and pointedly that we can not fail to catch the intended lesson.

Physiology II. informs us that the more a person eats the higher his liver rises.

Grammar IV. Teacher—What kind of an adjective is *that*?

Pupil—Shall I tell you that the adjective is a pronoun?

One young lady of the third class has become so bold that occasionally she ventures into the boys' entry to use the blacking.

Latin IV.—Teacher—Pronounce the Latin.

Pupil—*Amicis* (Ah-me-kiss).

Teacher—No kissing, thank you.

Now that Physiology II. has proven itself a chemical fire engine because of the amount of CO₂ it expires, it will please explain how a "shoemaker can breathe his last."

We should not encourage vanity, but the young ladies should be commended for their kinetic energy in procuring at their own expense two mirrors for their *dressing parlors*.

A member of Physiology II. having had a lesson on salt and its importance in foods, asked this question of the teacher: "Why could you catch a bird if you put some salt on his tail?"

Alas for glory! One of the young men of our promising Fourth class, when placed before the busts of Washington and Lincoln, could not tell which one represented the "Father of His Country."

The skeleton is a constant visitor this term. For its use we are indebted to Dr. Gordon, our popular committee-man. If we can't have the doctor for a guest, we certainly are very grateful for his kindness in sending a substitute.

The following pupils have kindly contributed to our cabinet collection; Arthur V. Curtis, '93, eleven geological specimens; Helen E. Nutting, '93, a spike from the old Quincy railroad, which was the first one in America; John H. Lyons, '94, an English coin, George II., 1740; Florence M. Gray, '94, a piece of gypsum; Mary N. South-er, '95, seven geological specimens.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

AS we look about us and note the leafless trees and the barren ground, we are reminded that Christmas is almost here.

The first thought that comes to our minds is the gift we are going to give this dear friend or that, but how much do we think of the poor, and of what we ought to do for them? The excuses most frequently given for this neglect are, "I haven't the time," or "I haven't the means," and possibly, "I should be willing to help if I only knew what to do." Now to show what can be done for the happiness of others, I am going to suppose that time, money, and ability are at my disposal for this one Christmas. I cannot truthfully say that I should work for others, but it is what my better nature would do, and what I ought to do.

To make a home cheerful, warmth and light are the first things, so to begin with I should investigate the cellars and woodsheds of many poor families; especially of the old and feeble, who although they are unable to work every day, yet keep about, trying to earn a little for the needs of winter. For them I should lead a procession of Mr. S's coal teams through our city, and give these worthy people the unusual pleasure of seeing a ton of coal in stock at one time.

Then there are many diseases arising from the lack of proper clothing. Children going to school, mothers and fathers going out to their daily labors, easily take cold from wet feet and improper protection. Therefore warm underclothing, thick and serviceable outside clothing, and coverings for the feet would find their way to many suffering ones on this bright Christmas.

In my rounds among the poor, and while noting their wants, I know I should find many young people who have talent and ambition, but are unable to advance them. Some have a taste for painting, others for literature, and possibly some for other arts. To

them I should lend—not give, for independence makes the man—the means wherewith they could earn a living and gain an honorable name.

My chief delight would be in trying to represent Santa Claus. There are so many children who never receive presents or even have the enjoyment of ransacking their stockings Christmas morning, that I should have them informed that Santa Claus had at last arrived, and they must hang up their stockings the night before Christmas. Then I should fill them with such toys as would delight the eyes of children, and leave other more substantial gifts besides, so that they could have the joyful anticipation of finding that Santa Claus had come down the chimney during the night.

As we go out on the street before Christmas, we cannot fail to see the little children gazing longingly at the fat turkeys and goodies that make the shop windows so attractive. How many have ever enjoyed a bountiful dinner? This Christmas they should. I should go to one of our attractive stores and select the various articles, filling the baskets to overflowing, and then leave them at the different homes with a "Merry Christmas."

To the old, so that their next Christmas may be as happy as this, I should present a pass which would admit them to an Old Folks' Home, which I should have completed by next Christmas.

Lastly, I should gather together in some large hall all the little children, where they could enjoy themselves by playing games, and by a pleasing entertainment which I should provide. After dinner I should have some of Dickens's Christmas stories read, and carols sung. When night approached I should take the children to a large Christmas tree laden with gifts, and after the wonder of the scene had worn away, the children should all receive a present. Then with another carol the children, with light hearts, would go to their homes before Mr. Sandman

disturbed the happiness of the evening.

So much pleasure given to others ought to give me happiness enough to last until next Christmas, when I should try to do more in the hope that others would follow my example.

—*Carrie B. Baker, '93.*

PATRIOTISM AND THE
SCHOOLS.

The future of our United States lies in the hands of the school children, who in a short time will be men and women. In order that this future may be a brilliant one, it is necessary that the children be taught to make it such, that is, that they should be educated to love and honor their country, to promote its welfare and bring it nearer perfection. The question is, How are children to be imbued with these patriotic sentiments?

One answer is, Teach them early the history of their country. If the struggles of our forefathers for freedom, and their sturdiness and firmness in the midst of difficulties were pointed out to the children, they would realize their great debt to such heroism and would appreciate the reward so bravely earned, the priceless boon of freedom. They would wish to be worthy of their ancestors. The noble characters and the deeds of great men and women should be kept before the minds of the children constantly. They would then desire to imitate these great characters and would keep them in their minds as models. Who does not feel a thrill of patriotism when he thinks of the words of the patriot, "Give me liberty or give me death"? Children are easily influenced, and when once the seed of patriotism is sown in their hearts, it needs only encouragement to grow and yield beautiful results. The atmosphere of the school should afford this encouragement.

The teaching of Civil Government is another way of promoting patriotism in the schools. It should be introduced in the grammar

grades, as only a small percentage of the children attend the High. Knowing the government of our country and the rights and privileges of every citizen, the children see how superior our advantages are, and this fact gives them another reason for loving it. They see their own opportunities and wish to qualify themselves for playing their parts when their time comes. They will perform their parts honorably if they love their country, for true patriotism never couples itself with meanness or dishonesty. The more patriotic a nation is, the better is its moral character.

Children in the higher grades should be compelled to read the newspapers in order to become acquainted with the important matters pertaining to the government of the country. Children, as well as older people, can think seriously on matters, and the teachers should encourage them to take an interest in public affairs, to study the great questions of the day, and to consider whether or not this or that measure will be for the good of the country. If this be done, in later years the scholars will act on the same principle, which of course is necessary for the prosperity of the republic. If scholars thus early learn to take an interest in their country's welfare, there will be very few so unpatriotic that they will neglect to vote or attend to other duties as citizens.

Our flag should float over every schoolhouse in the Union, and the children should be taught the meaning of it. They should know that it represents a nation wherein all have equal rights and privileges. They should be taught that our flag is respected by other nations, and that they should love it and be proud of it. If this is done there is no fear that they will make the nation other than what the flag represents it to be—pure, true and valorous.

It is an excellent plan for the teachers to have the scholars learn patriotic selections. Nothing rouses patriotic feelings more than this

practice. When reciting such pieces one cannot help entering into the spirit of them.

Our national songs should be known by every child. A country should regard them as sacred. Children should be taught to love and respect them, so that, if in later years they are in a foreign country, these songs may warm their hearts to their native land. Every nation loves its national songs, and surely no nation should do so more than ours.

In order to help the children to remember their history, to enliven their interest in it, and to pay proper respect to the nation's heroes, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day and similar anniversaries should be celebrated by appropriate exercises.

If patriotism be taught in the schools, it does not seem possible that our country's prosperity will be checked by civil strife and dissension.

—Annie E. Burns, '93.

A LETTER.

QUINCY, Mass., Dec. 15, 1900.

DEAR FRIEND:—

I have been thinking of my old school days and of the pleasant hours that I spent with my teachers and schoolmates, and these thoughts have given rise to a desire to hear from you in your distant home in California. I have been receiving letters from some of the other teachers telling what they are doing, and I should very much like a letter in answer to this informing me of your surroundings and of yourself.

As I look into the faces of my pupils day after day, I remember a certain room where we looked up to you with fearful hearts, waiting for the vigorous reprimand, or words of hearty praise. While correcting the pile of faulty exercises of my own scholars, I think of myself six years ago, and I thank the earnest teachers of the class of '95 for their patience in helping me to store away material enough to feed the minds of these

unfortunate girls and boys committed to my care.

Our hopes for Quincy are gradually being realized. Within the six years that you have been away from us there has been a decided increase in the population. The Old Colony railroad has at last granted us a new station, which is in every respect just what we want. Wollaston park has been improved to such an extent that it is the pride and delight of all Quincy, and many beautiful dwellings have been built near and around it. But our chief pride is centered in our High school building. It is a fine brick structure with granite trimmings. The old one is still in existence, but is used as an annex to the Adams school. The grounds are laid out in an artistic manner, and are kept in perfect order. The average attendance for this year was two hundred and fifty-eight. Almost beyond belief, is it not? A new hotel has been erected near the City Hall, which was finished, I think, before you went away.

You remember Master —? Do you know of his being appointed Professor of Mathematics in Harvard College? The most brilliant pupils of our Latin class (you are supposed to remember who they were) have developed into teachers, wear spectacles, and have about them an air of unusual learning.

You are probably as gratified as the rest of us over the fact that Quincy is again honored by having one of her citizens nominated for president of the United States. Like John Quincy Adams, his reputation is above reproach, and even his opponents acknowledge his superior learning. Does not that speak well for Quincy schools? As the period of John Quincy Adams's administration was one of great national prosperity, may we hope for even greater success in this term from 1900 to 1904.

We smile as we picture to ourselves the first railroad completed in the time of our sixth president. Did you think of it as you sat at

your ease in the luxurious chair of the drawing-room car that carried you so swiftly to the land of orange blossoms and summer skies? But I will leave politics until they are more settled and will give you another morsel of interest.

The Woodward School is a failure, or will be, unless something is done to cloud the brightness of our High school. The first year was a wonderful one, but it has been slowly losing scholars until now it numbers only twenty pupils, and those are mostly young ladies who received a conditional certificate to enter the High school.

Has your health improved in the warmer climate, and when are you coming back to New England? We hear of your numerous successes and earnestly congratulate you, but we are looking longingly forward to the time when you will once more take up your work among us and by your presence cheer us on to stronger efforts as you did in the past.

Your sincere friend,
DAISY C. BEMIS, '95.

SCISSORS.

What one is in God's sight, he is, and no more.

There is always hope in a man that earnestly labors. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

The United States is the first nation in the history of the world to have three cities of over 1,000,000 inhabitants each.

It is as bad to have too much Christmas as none at all; but we never appreciate this until the next day.

A column of masonry in Kansas marks the exact geographical centre of the United States. A monument recently erected in southern Indiana marks the exact centre of population of the Union.

Surnames are so called from the fact that they were at first written "not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it, between the lines, being thus literally *supra-nomina*, or *over-names*.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY
CASSIE THAYER. JOHN ESTABROOKS.

The High School Review contains a very pretty poem entitled "A November Morning," and an entertaining story, "Mis' Dodge."

We gladly welcome the Volcano of the Venturia High school, Cal. We agree with the editor that "Be friendly to one another," is an excellent motto for every scholar to follow.

The High School Advance merely names its exchanges. Why not make some comments upon them? A very good sketch of the life of James Russell Lowell is given in the October number.

We congratulate the Latin School Register, Boston, on possessing such an able contributor as the author of the letter on Alaska. It is both interesting and instructive. We hope that its continuation will be as pleasing.

The Stranger is fortunate in possessing a strong alumni. Their liberal contributions are one of the chief features of the paper. It seems as though the exchange department, which is only half a column, is rather disproportionate to sixteen pages of reading matter.

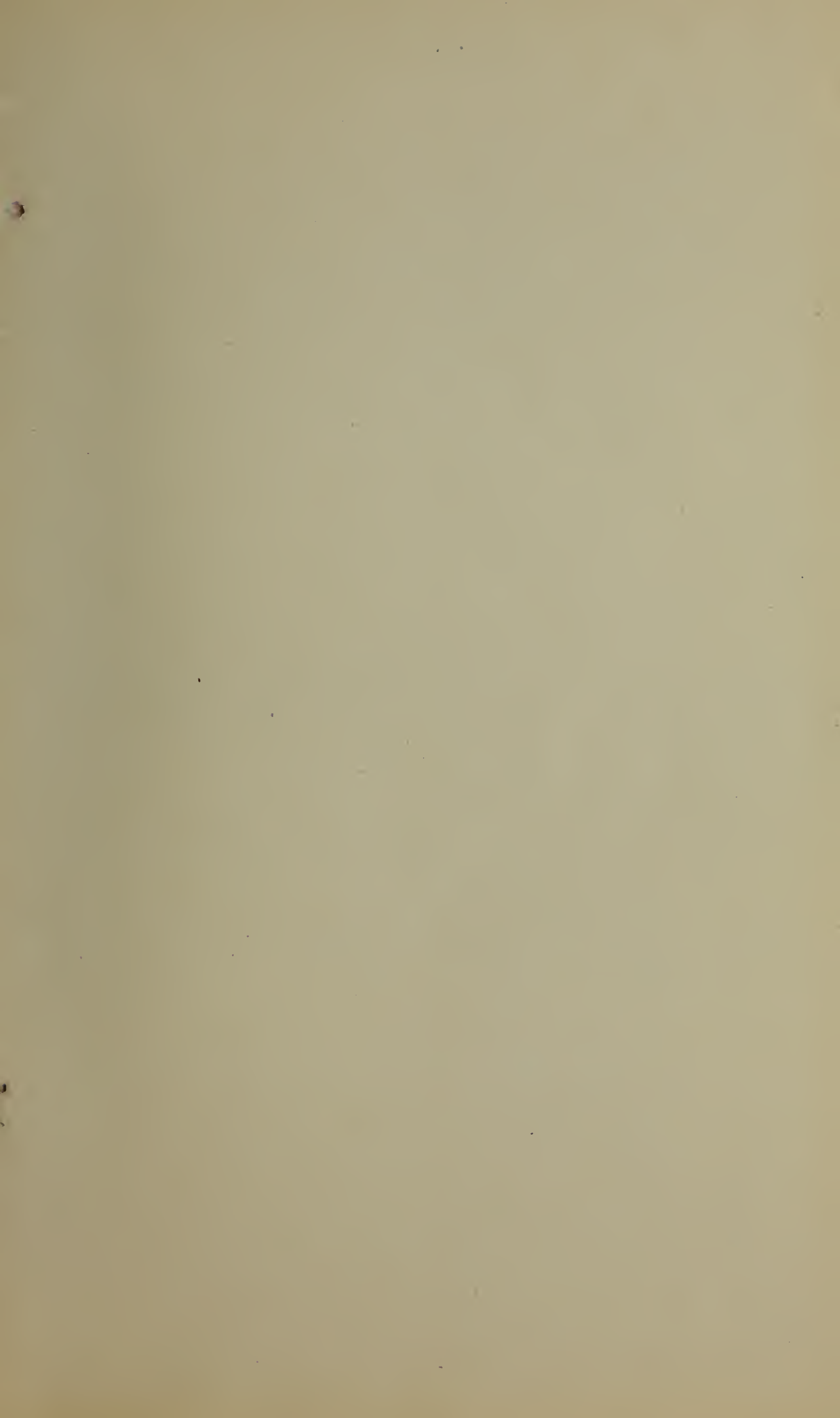
The November number of the Beacon contains several interesting articles. The "Origin of Thanksgiving," and the poem, "A Thanksgiving Party," are especially good. We suggest that the advertisements in this paper be grouped together instead of being scattered between the reading matter.

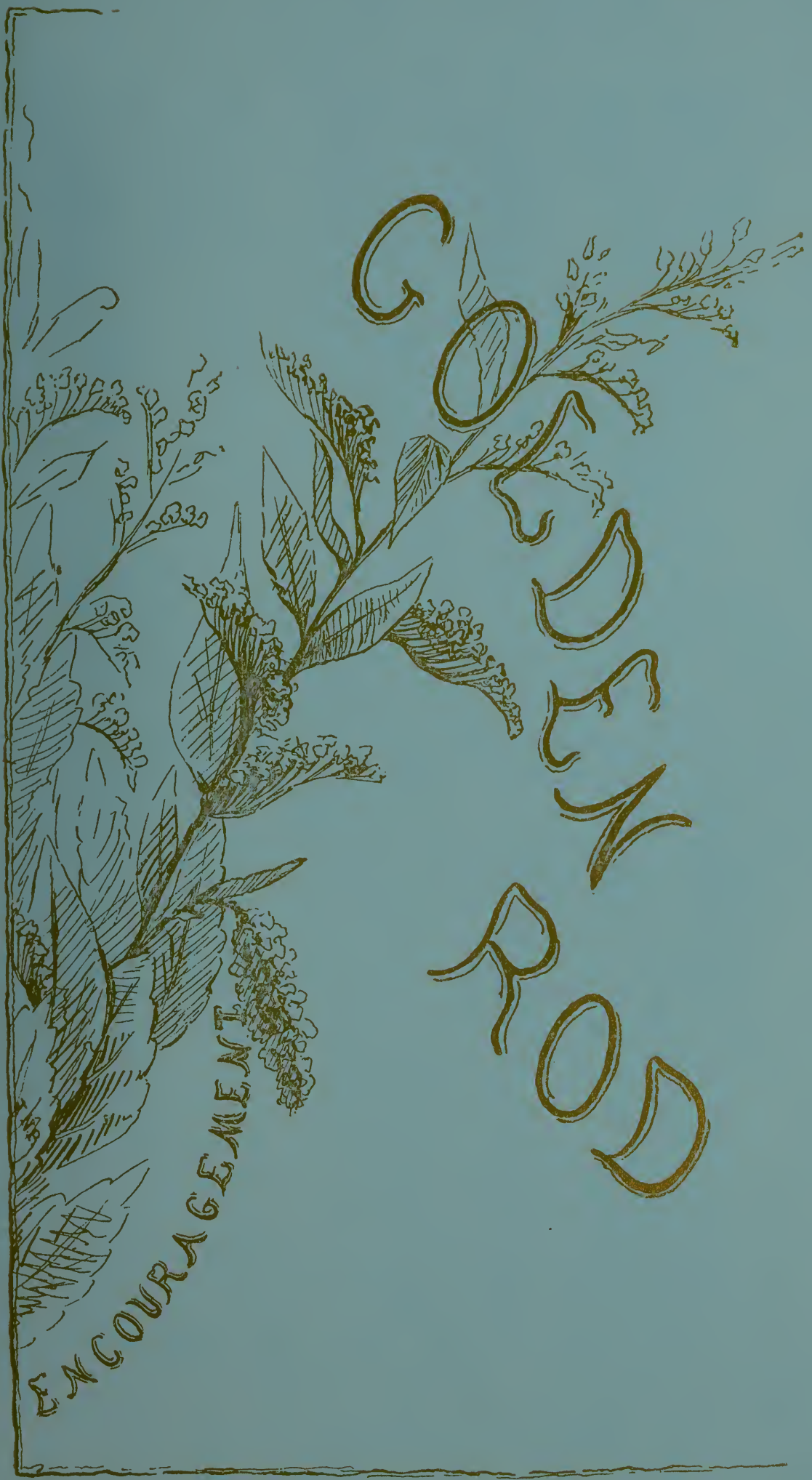
She is painting, she is painting,
And her friends grow pale and thin
For fear she'll send them

Hollyhocks,
Or mullein stalks
Or *jabberwocks*,
Or painted plaques.

When Christmas time comes in.

So sings the Buffalo Enquirer, but it is needless to remark that it had no reference to our excellent exchange from the Girls' Latin school, Boston.





GOD'S
DEAR
ROSE

ENCOURAGEMENT

THE GOLDEN ROD.

D

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., JANUARY, 1892.

No. 5.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School
Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

" 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence
now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on
the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling;—'tis
the knell
Of the departed year."

YES, the old year has passed,
and a new year has dawned,
bringing with it new desires, new
hopes, new resolutions. It is hard-
ly necessary to speak of resolu-
tions, since we all know that it is
the custom of many people to lay
aside during the year all qualms of
conscience concerning their misde-
meanors, and at New Year's to
make grand resolves which gener-
ally meet the same fate as did the
resolve of one young lady of this
school, who solemnly promised her-
self that she would learn her les-
sons perfectly during the first
week at least, of the year, and
afterwards confessed that on the
day of her return to school she had
not looked at any of the lessons
assigned.

R.

*

Let us not wait until next New
Year's Eve to make good resolu-
tions, but whenever we find that
there is need of reform in our daily
acts, immediately resolve to make
a continual effort to remedy the

evil, and ask that the Higher
Power will give us strength to car-
ry out the resolves. Our desires
may not be gratified, and we may
meet with bitter disappointments,
but we know that the Father does
all for the best, and whatever
comes will be for our good. Let
us all, then, begin our journey
through the new year with cheer-
ful, hopeful hearts. The teachers
and pupils of the High school send
to the friends and patrons of the
Golden Rod a cordial New Year's
greeting, and hearty wishes for
their welfare during all the coming
years.

"We see not a step before us
As we tread on another year,
But the past is in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear."

R.

*

On returning from our Christ-
mas vacation we were both sur-
prised and pleased to learn that
Mr. Lull was to be with us at least
one week longer, and possibly two.
Naturally we dreaded the expected
change of teachers, for while by
Mr. Lull's promotion the Quincy
schools at large gain an efficient
superintendent, the High school
loses a kind and energetic princi-
pal, who is regarded by the pupils
with affectionate esteem and grati-
tude;—gratitude for his words of
encouragement to the discouraged,
his readiness to help all who need-
ed help, and his untiring patience
and great kindness with all. Mr.
Lull has been with us a year and a
half, and during that time he has
labored unceasingly for the good
of the school. The regard in
which he is held by the pupils was
made manifest by their looks of
dismay and expressions of regret
when they learned that he was
soon to leave the school; yet all
took some consolation in the
thought that he was to remain in

Quincy and have charge of the Quincy schools. We shall see him nearly every day, as he has confidentially promised to keep one eye on the High school. The best wishes of the pupils for success in his new line of work go with Mr. Lull, and we congratulate the other schools, even though their gain is, in a great measure, our loss.

R.

*

What a change a single term has wrought in our school affairs! Until a short time ago it seemed as if everything were settled for the school-year, when last month brought us the unexpected news that Mr. Aldrich, our superintendent, had resigned his position to accept a similar one in Newton. Having presided over the Quincy schools nine years, he has won the respect and highest regard of all the teachers and pupils. Indeed, we deeply regret the loss of so able a man, and we shall always recall with pleasure his cheerful words of advice, when in future years we review the halcyon days of our school-lives. We extend to Mr. Aldrich our sincere congratulations and best wishes for the success which he deserves, hoping that he will not forget us here in the Granite City, but visit us frequently.

S.

*

The school board has been very particular to procure a worthy successor to Mr. Lull, and knowing this, we take pleasure in expressing our most cordial greeting to Mr. Irving W. Horne of Chelsea. Often when a change is made during a school year, there is wont to be a serious loss to the school, but we trust and believe that there will be no such detriment in our case. We assure Mr. Horne of the hearty good-will and loyal support of the school, and hope that he will enjoy his work among us.

R.

*

Although the "bold young lady" who used the brush and blacking in the boys' hall was criticised in the December number, yet she

thinks some partiality was shown in giving to part of the school those useful articles, and slighting the other sex. We know it has been said that the way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots, but is not the same true of a woman? Possibly the giver trusted to the "kinetic energy of the girls," which has been the cause of purchasing two mirrors; but however the case may be, she certainly thinks that girls ought to "shine" as well as boys. Perhaps some young man frequently steps into our (feminine) hall and arranges his hair or tie before our mirror. He is indeed very welcome to do so, and we congratulate him on his self-respect,—for of course boys are never vain.

S.

*

Some one asks, "Why have mirrors in girls' halls? Will they not encourage pride?" Let me ask, "What is pride?" Authorities disagree upon the subject, but there are certainly two kinds of pride; one good, which is in a certain sense self-respect; and one bad, which is vanity. Some one says "A certain amount of good pride is to the female character what yeast is to bread. The noblest of virtues and the greatest of talents are apt to lie hidden or undeveloped without a drop of pride to push them up into notice; just as the flour, milk, and salt lie in a useless mass without the yeast-cake." For instance, here is one of the most talented girls in school, who might surprise us by her power and natural ability. But alas! she has not sufficient pride or desire to attain success, and her special gifts profit her nothing. Another girl has a few talents and a desire to retain them and gain more. She is the successful girl and the one worthy of praise. Pride is then necessary in a certain degree to achieve success, and to make the most of one's own short life in this world.

S.

*

Returning to the subject of school halls, we think of several

THE GOLDEN ROD.

reason why it is a good idea to have mirrors. Let me say here that they are not for the weak-minded, silly girls, who allow themselves to admire their own real or imagined beauty. It is a very windy morning, and on entering the building after a long walk, the hair is very disorderly. She who goes to the glass and arranges her hair before entering the school-room is the one who shows a desire to improve her personal appearance, and you may be sure she always looks neat and tidy. If all others would follow her example we should see none in the school-room who present the appearance of "having slept in their hair."

*

What a great advantage it is to be able to read; most of us have almost unlimited opportunities of reading, and so perhaps never pause to think what a blessing we are enjoying in being thus able to penetrate into the world enclosed between book-covers. One who has cultivated a taste for good reading and who has the means of gratifying this taste has a great source of enjoyment, comfort, and profit; for his books are to him friends and instructors. We are glad to see that so great an interest in reading is taken by the pupils of this school.

*

In the Second class, which numbers twenty-two, during five months eighty-six books were read, and many of the eighty-six were read by three or four pupils. Most of the class read some monthly or weekly magazine and a daily newspaper. The total number of different periodicals read is twenty-six; and of newspapers, sixteen. In the Third class, numbering sixty, one hundred and two different books, twenty-three magazines, and eighteen newspapers have been read. In the Fourth class, numbering seventy-eight, one hundred and seventy-four books, twenty-eight periodicals and twenty-five papers have been read.

As we look at the book-list before us we see many that we should like to strike off, and in their stead write those which have true merit and are worth the reading. We also see the names of many books which delight all lovers of good literature, for example: *Paradise Lost*, *Scarlet Letter*, *Ben-Hur* and *David Copperfield*. On the list are many others well worth the reading, of which one of the most beautiful and touching is *Ramona*, a tale of the white man's treatment of the Indian. Since our minds can receive only a certain amount of knowledge during our lives, let us not waste any space therein, but store them with only the best in all classes and styles of literature, even though we are reading only for rest and entertainment.

K.

OUR GREATEST INVENTORS.

AN ENIGMA OF SEVENTY-SIX LETTERS.

41, 58, 76, 6, Telephone.
5, 72, 59, 72, 51, 49, Phonograph.
32, 57, 4, 23, 36, 63, 52, 12, Mon-
itor.
47, 68, 57, 60, 28, Telegraph.
7, 74, 72, 51, Jetties, Mississippi
River.
49, 38, 20, 30, Sewing Machine.
44, 11, 16, 70, 15, 5, 71, 42, Val-
canization.
47, 65, 10, 13, 33, 47, 43, 65, k,
Harvesting machinery.
41, 6, 26, 2, 10, 4, 40, 29, 53,
Lambe (irregular forms).
37, 64, 6, 27, 62, 49, Steamboat.
67, 55, 9, 18, 61, 35, 45, Cotton-
gin.
25, 30, 48, 12, k, 76, 22, 2, Light-
ning-rod.
57, 75, 23, 66, 5, 76, 59, 30, 17,
Source of the quotation used.
76, 13, 29, 53, 6, 15, 3, 46, 11, 61,
The author.
8, 54, 73, 34, are x, i, i, v.
All others are h.

For beauty and utility, birds are unrivaled as home builders; but for contrivance the beaver has no competitor.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Good-by to 1891!

Halloa Leap Year!

Alas! Vacation's gone!

We must begin the new year with hard work.

Semi-annual examinations occur the last of January.

On February 1 we change studies for the second half of the year.

We shall soon need an addition to our school building. We have four new pupils.

The Physics class can now convince their parents that the barometer never tells lies.

We wish to remind those who have not paid their subscriptions, that it is after the first of January.

On returning from our vacation we were glad to find that the grip had given us back two of the lady teachers.

The school hours are changed again to 8.15 a. m. to 1.15 p. m. because of the change in the timetable of the Old Colony railroad.

Our cabinet is slowly increasing. We have received a wing of a flying-fish, and twigs of the "charter oak," from Maud H. Cudworth, '95.

"After breakfast work a while,
After dinner rest a while
After supper run a mile,
And always try to wear a smile."

The above quotation is respectfully submitted to Physiology II.

The teacher having asked for a derivative adjective from the Latin verb *migro*, the noun "migration" and the participle "migrating" were given; when one young lady had an inspiration and exclaimed "migratius" (my gracious!)

The school was very much interested in an address given by Superintendent Aldrich, on the day school closed, which was followed by a few farewell words by Principal Lull. We were happily surprised to see him back January 4, as his successor had not arrived in Quincy.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, HERBERT HOLMES.

Florrie M. Hall from Taunton, Bertha Scharnagel, Providence, R.I., Josie V. Gerris, Lamoine, Me., and Henrietta C. Johnson, East Bridgewater, are the four new members of our school, the latter two being in the class of '94, the former two in the class of '95. From what we have seen of their records, we judge that they will prove to be just the pupils whom we like to welcome to our school.

DIRECTORY OF '84.

Evart W. Adams—Commercial traveler.
Grace H. Adams (Spear)—Quincy.
Arthur Benson—Dealer in bicycles.
Williamina Birse—Teaching, Quincy.
Cortes W. Cavannaugh—Architect, Cambridge.
Mary E. Collagan—Teaching, Quincy.
Margaret F. Connell (Cray)—Quincy.
Mercine E. Dickey (Flynn)—Washington Territory.
Eliza S. Dinnie—Teaching, Walpole.
Leonard L. Elden—Electric Light Works, Boston.
Ada T. Enderle—Heath's Publishing Co., Boston.
Elizabeth Evans (Spear)—Walpole.
Elizabeth A. Garrity—Teaching, Quincy.
George I. T. Linton—Painter, West Quincy.
Annie H. Pitts—Teaching.
Morton T. Swallow—Clerk, Old Colony railroad.
Clara A. Veazie (Penley)—Teaching, Wollaston.

DIRECTORY OF '85.

Howard W. Battison—Mass. Benefit Association.
Nellie F. Boyd—Teaching, Quincy.
Ellen C. Coffee—Actress.
Philip D. Cook—Stone-cutter, Quincy.
John J. Cuniff—Lather.

Daniel J. Deasy—Grocer, Quincy.
 May L. Edgerton (Badger)—Wollaston.
 Edward M. Faircloth—Blacksmith, Quincy.
 Florence R. Faxon—Teaching.
 Charles A. Hall—Calumet & Hecla Mining Co.
 Charles W. Hall—Electrician, Boston.
 Lillian T. Harlow—Art School, Boston.
 Laura S. Hayward—At home.
 Annie M. Keenan—Teaching, Quincy.
 Lizzie B. Kittredge—At home.
 Gene M. McCormick—E. H. Double's, Quincy.
 Sarah McKenna (Donavon)—
 Susie H. McKenna—Teaching, Wollaston.
 Nellie F. Nightingale—Bookkeeping, Quincy.
 Carrie C. Norton—Bank, Quincy.
 Adaline G. O'Connor—Bookkeeping, Quincy.
 Emma L. Osgood (Kent)—Wollaston.
 Grace D. Parker—At home, Atlantic.
 Virgil W. Fuller—Stone-cutter, Quincy.
 Maud Rice—Teaching, Atlantic.
 Maud E. Roberts (McCore)—Somerville.
 Mabel G. Sampson—At home.
 Lizzie Smith—At home.
 Elie Sweeney—Dead.
 Annie F. Swift—
 Lottie E. Swift—
 Margaret L. Thomas—Art School, Boston.

ISINGLASS AND MICA.

ISINGLASS and mica are often confused. Although they resemble each other in the main points; they are really opposites in nature. Isinglass is an animal production, while mica is a mineral. We best know isinglass in the form of gelatine, which is made from the swimming bladder of the sturgeon. A great deal is made in Russia, where great care is used in its preparation. The bladder is cut open, washed, and its inner membrane, which is silvery gray, is exposed to the air;

then it is wrapped in damp cloths and kneaded with the hands, and afterwards dried. It is then in shape of a disc, and often three or four feet in diameter.

An inferior variety made from the refuse of different kinds of fish comes from Brazil. It is not thought to be good enough to use for gelatine, but nevertheless a great deal is used to dilute the real article. It is also used to purify liquors and to make a superior quality of glue. In France it is used in the manufacture of artificial flowers. For this purpose it is admirably suited, as it readily takes any color desired.

The different forms by which it is known in commerce is book-isinglass, which consists of a great many layers closely pressed together; pipe-isinglass, which is cut in long strips and wound around three pegs. There are other forms, but they are merely modifications of those mentioned. Isinglass, when pure, has an odor resembling fresh seaweed, but when mixed with the Brazilian variety it is very disagreeable to the sense of smell.

Mica is generally found in composition with quartz, when it is called mica-schist. Sometimes it is nearly all quartz, and again the greater part is mica. Mica-schist is also found in combination with chlorite-schist with strata of blue limestone. But wherever found, it can be readily distinguished by the ease with which it can be divided into layers. So capable is it of division that sometimes it takes several thousand layers to make one inch. Its metallic lustre is also a characteristic.

Of mica there are several varieties. One called lepidolite has a great range of colors, giving the shades of red, rose, violet, yellow and gray. Another variety is called muscovite or Muscovy glass. The most common, however, is used in stoves, because it will not melt or crack as glass does. It was of value in lanterns of the old-fashioned type. On account of its toughness it has been recommend-

ed for the windows on men-of-war, as it would withstand the concussion, whereas glass would be shattered. It was used by the Aztecs for glass and it is now used for holding small bodies while they are examined with the microscope.

The best mines are in Siberia and Norway, where plates three or four feet in width are often obtained. There are also mines in Alstead and Grafton, New Hampshire. The large sheets are very expensive, costing as much as one dollar per pound.

—*J. W. Estabrooks, '93.*

A PILGRIM'S JOURNEY.

IMELICENT PERKINS, was born in Leyden before my parents went to America.

When the *Speedwell* set sail and we bade our friends good-bye, I was a youngster with the experience of seven years. I was rather eager to go with them, for I had never been on a voyage. When at Southampton the captain said the *Speedwell* was not in a condition to go farther and we put into Plymouth, I was rather afraid the *Mayflower* would not hold us all, but I was small and so they let me go. I made the hundred and first one of the party. When we had sunny days I stayed on deck, but could not play much for I was seasick; then I would have given a hundred pounds if I had never been born.

We went ashore at what afterwards was called Provincetown Harbor, and there I was homesick, which was even worse than being seasick. There were no streets to play in, no shop windows to look into, no horses or wagons, no stray dogs, no groups of children. So another little girl took hold of my hand and we ran up and down the beach gathering shells and pretty stones. I was glad when I heard some of the men who were hunting for a place to settle in, say that we were going to a place they called Plymouth, for then I thought of course it would be like the Plymouth in England, and we could find some other children; but I was

much disappointed in not finding a large town.

After we had been in Plymouth a short time my playmate and I saw a funny looking man. "Oh! what a horrid thing;" I said; "Is it a man?" I was afraid and ran to my mother. But I was told not to be afraid, for it was only an Indian with feathers in his hair and paint on his face.

After hard labor at last a large block house was made to be used for a common storehouse and for us to live in until we had separate houses. This house wasn't very warm, and my feet were often cold when I tried to go to sleep. But Sundays I was allowed to wear some red woolen stockings which were the pride of my heart, and then I thought my feet were never cold. We did n't have much food, and when I was hungry I cried. One day sixty Indians came to see us, and I kept behind mother most of the time. After that I liked the Indians, for they brought three deer, and we feasted three days. Every year after that we celebrated a day in memory of that feast, which we called Thanksgiving Day.

Many had died from the hardships of settlement, and so in the spring my father and others planted corn over the ground where they were buried, that the Indians might not know how we were weakened by death. After the corn was dropped into the hills, we children put a dry herring into every one to fertilize it. When fall came we had a good crop. I think it was mostly owing to those herrings. One day our company of men returned from an inland hunt for animals and fowls with a small bear. We had a good feast on its flesh, and caps and gloves were made from its skin. The next year, as I was older, I had to work harder. Our constant labor resulted in a happy and prosperous colony, and soon we celebrated the second anniversary of the day we landed, December 22, 1620. When time and space will permit, I will tell you more.

—*Florence M. Gray, '94.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT RAIL-ROADING.

THE duties of a rear brakeman are to see to his part of the train, which is of course the rear. Suppose we ride on a train so as to see what his business is. He has charge of two sets of lanterns, red and green. One set he hangs on the rear end of the cars, two red hand-lanterns and a white one at night. He has two sets of flags, red and green. The red he hangs on the rear and top of the last car. In his pockets he carries torpedoes and fuses, the use of which will be explained later. He pulls in the slack of the bell-cord, and ties it to the iron railing on the rear of the last car. He then fills out a blank called a "running-report." In this he sets down the number of the train,—not the number of the engine, but the number that is across the head-light. If it be an extra or special, "Ex" and number are written. If the train take on or put off cars, this is set down on the blank. If there be any accident, that is also recorded. The brakeman of today has a much easier time than the brakeman of a few years ago. Then he was obliged to stand on the platform of the swaying cars and set up the brakes, while now his work is done by means of air brakes.

By this time our ears have become accustomed to the different whistles, especially for the street crossings, when it blows two long and two short blasts. We now enter a tunnel. A horrible thought comes to us. What if we should strike a train in a tunnel! We speak to the brakeman about it. He says it is impossible, because, if there were a train there this train would not be allowed to go in. From the brakeman we learn what "semaphores" and "block-signals" are. A semaphore is a board four feet long attached to the top of a tall pole. When this first semaphore is horizontal it means "Proceed with caution," and if the next is horizontal, it means "Danger! stop at once." At night these sig-

nals show red and green lights; green for caution and red for danger. When the signals are at forty-five degrees pointing down, the track is all clear and the train can go ahead. These signals are communicated by means of wire with a signal-house.

The block-signal works automatically. It is made of iron, and the blades are crossed at right angles. One is painted white for clear, and the other red for danger. These signals are placed at intervals along the track. When a train enters a block, the signal turns red, and when it goes out it turns the first signal white and the second red. No train is allowed to enter the block if the signal is red. At night red and white lanterns take the places of red and white blades. About the only danger of a tunnel is that the roof may fall in; but men are constantly on the watch for this, and examiners go through night and day. Bridges are watched the same way, and if there is a mountain or hill, men are on the lookout for a landslide.

A danger which may happen to the cars is a "hot box." A "hot box" is the catching fire of the box and journal in which the car axle rests. This is filled with cotton waste and oil. The rapid turning of the axle causes friction, which makes the axle hot, evaporates the oil and soon sets it afire. If it does not receive immediate attention, it will so heat the axle that it will give out.

When a whistle sounds once suddenly, and the cars come to a stop, perhaps the engineer has discovered a "hot box." As the train stops a brakeman runs back on the track and stays there. When the engineer lets him know that the defect is remedied, he fastens two torpedoes to the rail. A torpedo is a tin box about the size of a dollar, filled with percussion powder. When the wheel strikes this it explodes. Two torpedoes mean caution, and one to stop. If at night a fuse is placed. A fuse is a kind of torch that burns exactly five minutes.

—Percy A. Hull, '95.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

SCISSORS.

"The lands were lit with all the autumn blaze of golden rod."

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek

Five things observe with care;

To whom you speak, *of* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

In the first person simply *shall* foretells,
In *will* a threat or else a promise dwells;
Shall in the second and the third doth threat,

Will simply then foretells a future feat.

"He's a slave who would not be

In the right with two or three.

He's a slave who would not choose

Hatred, slander, and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink

From the truth he needs must think."

—Lowell.

"The mill can never grind with water that has passed."

The subtle water heard and chafed the shore,

Thought, homesick, of the cool spring on the hill,

Of frolics down the sparkling brook of yore,

Then softly stole thro' mist and cloud once more,

Back to the spot—and turned again the mill!

Victory of thought is the sweetest of joys.

Repetition is the father and mother of memory.

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of people should be to cultivate common sense.

New York has 58 people per acre, while Pittsburgh has 61; Brooklyn has 47; San Francisco and Washington are the same, 30 per acre each; Cincinnati is the most disappointing, having but 18, the same as Milwaukee; Cleveland has 16.

The seven school virtues, Dr. White of Cincinnati says, are (1) regularity, (2) punctuality, (3) neatness, (4) accuracy, (5) industry, (6) silence, (7) obedience. The essential thing is that they be attained by an appeal to high and worthy motives.

A few weeks ago a son of Marie Louise died in obscurity in Vienna, yet the great-grandson of Empress Josephine now occupies the throne of Norway and Sweden, in the person of Oscar II.; and as one of the ablest monarchs of the age, he is a worthy descendant of the deposed wife of Napoleon the Great.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

The Cue is one of our few exchanges which can make foot-ball interesting.

The Latin School Register is always acceptable, because of its great variety of interesting articles.

A fitting query at present is this: "How long before a joke ought to be placed on the retired list?"

The High School Clio, Brockton, modestly starts off with four pages. However, its limited space is filled with interesting items.

It would be much more convenient for the editors if all the exchanges placed their address in some part of the paper other than in the fine print preceding the editorials.

The Lynn High School Gazette is a neat paper containing twelve pages of pleasant reading. "A Visit to the Shakers," is a composition which we think all will enjoy reading.

The High School Record has a composition entitled "What Shall the National Flower Be?" in which the writer favors the columbine and gives very good reasons for her choice.

The locals of the Prairie Breezes would be more interesting if some explanation were sent with them. Their true inwardness is probably clear to the authors, but to outsiders they are meaningless.

We have reasons for differing from the suggestion made in the High School Record, (Newburyport,) which recommends using the eyes less and the memory more. The great trouble with most scholars of our acquaintance is that they pass many things of importance unnoticed. To remedy this defect "Nature teaching" by objects has been introduced into the Quincy school.

God bless you



ENCOURAGEMENT

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 6.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School
Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

ON the twenty-second of February, one hundred sixty years ago, was born that patriot whose name is honored and loved by every loyal citizen of the United States. The years have not dimmed the glory which surrounds the name of America's greatest son, nor have they lessened the reverent love of the people of the land for him, who by his noble deeds, his struggles in freedom's cause, his unselfish devotion to his country, well deserved the title bestowed upon him by a grateful people—"Father of His Country."

"When Freedom for Olympus' feast
Called forth her heroes one by one,
The rising sunlight of the east
Revealed the name 'George Washington.'
To him she gave the sword and wreath,
And led him forward in the van,
Her noblest son in life and death,
The first and great American."

*

R.

If Washington could look down today upon our land, would he be able to recognize the country for whose freedom he fought so nobly? Then it was but a little strip of land east of the Alleghany mountains; now it is a broad expanse of territory reaching from ocean to ocean, from the southern boundary of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico? One hundred years ago, who could

have foreseen the changes that have taken place during the past century? Who could have dreamed that the iron horse would be rushing across the country today; that the steam-boat would be ploughing her waters; that the mysterious force which we call electricity would be used by man as a motor, and as a means of sending messages, even to lands beyond the seas? The fathers of our Constitution were far-seeing men, but that these things would come to pass could not have been conceived by mortal mind. May the prosperity of our Union never decline!

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sailor on, O Union, strong and great!"

* * * * *

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

R.

*

Although February is the shortest month of the year, yet it can boast of many important dates. First of all, there is February 22, 1732, the significance of which date is well known to all of us; and while we are speaking of the twenty-second of the month we must not forget to mention February 22, 1819, for on that day was born the well-remembered American poet, James Russell Lowell, whose writings have left "an indelible impress upon American literature." In February, 1791, the first United States Bank was chartered. On February 27, 1807, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born; February 12, 1809, was the birthday of the Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln; and Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, was born February 7, 1812. Does not February furnish a noteworthy chronological table?

R.

Lady! Lady! How this word, like so many others in the English language, is abused! We should like to know first what the word means, and a very good way of learning is by consulting Worcester, who says, "lady is a term of complaisance used of women in general, but appropriately of a woman of cultivation and refinement."

S.

*

What makes a lady? Is it wealth, or a college education, or travel, or rank? By no means. It is the pure character, innate refinement, and good breeding of the individual. The person whom we like to call "lady," is the gentle and gracious woman, who wins all hearts by her charming manners. She is not necessarily the daughter of Jay Gould, President Harrison, or any other distinguished man. She may be the daughter of an honest woman in the humblest ranks of life.

S.

*

Some women who, I think, lack the commonest of common sense, think that in order to be ladies they must be haughty and aristocratic. Should they study the lives of some great and noble women whose names will never die, their ideas might be changed, and possibly the truth of Solomon's words, "Before honor comes humility," might be impressed upon their minds.

S.

*

We ought to consider it a compliment when our teachers call us "young ladies." We hope that they speak with a clear conscience, for the address implies three great virtues: kindness, modesty, and unselfishness. If we strive to cultivate these qualities and follow the Golden Rule, nothing less than the perfection of good manners can follow. So much for "lady," and yet we must exclaim with the German, "'Woman' must ever be a woman's highest name, and honors more than 'lady'?"

S.

Quincy has been particularly fortunate in the selection of her school superintendents, and to show our appreciation of their earnest efforts which have raised the schools to their present condition, we shall publish brief sketches of their work.

*

Col. Francis W. Parker we all recognize as the author of the Quincy System, and the first superintendent of our schools. After the Rebellion, in which he was colonel, he went to Germany for a short time, then returned and taught in the West. Not being allowed to introduce his methods there, he came to Quincy in 1875, mostly through the influence of John Quincy and Charles Francis Adams. Previous to this time the town had not supported a superintendent, but the committee being very anxious to have a trained educator who might give his undivided attention to the wants and requirements of the schools, gave up the salaries they had previously received for their services. Neither they nor the people at large have regretted the change which has been productive of the benefits the people anticipated. Without entering into the details, we may say that Mr. Parker entirely transformed the schools, and under his superintendence they became known all over the United States. People came from far and near to visit them. For five years the town had the benefit of his faithful, intelligent, and enthusiastic services, after which he resigned the office to enter upon a wider field of labor in Boston. At present he is principal of the Normal School, Cook County, Chicago, receiving \$5000 a year. It has been said of him that he breathed life, growth and happiness into the school-room.

S.

Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars towards heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON

381 subscriptions!

Are n't we rich!

Thursday is no longer an "easy day."

Another change in the program, and new studies being pursued!

French III. translated *l'oiseau l'aperçut*, "the bird took a seat."

Mr. and Mrs. Horne have moved from Chelsea, and now reside at 7 Hancock court.

Query for Physics III.: If like signs repel, why do birds of a feather flock together?

Query: Who put polly-wogs in the city water? This is respectfully submitted to Class III., Q. H. S.

We wish to suggest that the members of Physics III. purchase spectacles that they may make their tests more delicate and accurate.

Physics III. are now trying to discover what things in this world attract one another. It is hoped that some of them will make Edisons.

Miss Fish, one of our assistants, has kindly consented to drill us in music each morning. We trust her work with us will prove satisfactory, as she thoroughly understands music.

Is it possible that the young men in the bass are bashful? They appear so only during the singing hour. Perhaps they realize that it is leap year, and so leave the honors for the girls.

What won't girls do? A young lady of the Third class, who evidently does not arise in time to curl her hair, employs a young man of her class to heat her curling iron in the school furnace. It puzzles us to know how the young man can tell when the iron is hot enough. Perhaps he tries it on his own hair.

Bookkeeping II. informs us that Leap Year has only thirty days this time.

Teacher to boy shaking a bottle of cachous—"Please keep that pencil quiet."

French III. is trying to find a verb, the present participle of which is "from home."

Our Bookkeeping classes are kept very busy although they have only twelve customers.

For Literature III.:—

He was tall, and exceedingly lank and thin;
Had a freckled face, and I think he toed in.

Latin IV. Teacher—What is the highest mountain peak in the Alps?

Pupil—Mt. Etna.

Class III. are becoming so vain that one young lady has purchased a gorgeous pink ribbon to tie on the duster.

The study of Bible history is not in our curriculum, so we will not criticise, but will in a kindly spirit, inform English IV. that the sons of Noah were not "Ham, Sam and Jacob."

Members of the Second class are drawing plans of a house and putting the kitchen and parlor as far apart as possible, so their callers will not smell the odor from the onions and cabbage when cooking.

We think that our school offers a great reward to those pupils who attain 90 per cent or over in recitations, by excusing them from the examinations. Those who were fortunate enough to obtain this per cent, and were consequently excused from all of the semi-annual examinations, were as follows: In the Fourth class, Sarah C. McGovern, Catherine C. Pope, Alice F. Sampson, and Mary F. Sampson; in the Third class, Leila H. Sprague, Alice C. Pope, and Marcia Reed; in the Second class, Eva G. Reed, Mary E. Webb, Cassie Thayer, Annie E. Burns, and John W. Estabrooks. Many others were excused from one or two examinations.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, JOSEPH J. CALLAHAN.

Bessie Drew, '94, is president of the King's Daughters in Atlantic.

Mabel Oxford, Carrie Baker, '93, and Margie Souther, '94, sing in the chorus choir of the Episcopal church.

At the entertainment at the Orthodox church Thursday evening, Marion Gurney, '94, gave a recitation and Marion Bailey, '94, sang in a quartet.

On Friday, February 12, we received visits from Edith P. Gray and Jessie Webb, '91. Dr. Sheahan also made us a long call, and heard several recitations. He is always a welcome guest.

DIRECTORY OF '83

"Deeds, not Words."

Alice Adams—At home.

Mary L. Conway—Teaching, Quincy.

George A. Devlin—Civil Engineer, Quincy.

Butler T. Emery—Carpenter.

Maude D. Field(Dewson)—Quincy.

Clara P French—Dead.

Emma M. Farnum—At home, Montana.

Walter B. Holden—Leather store, Boston.

Annie B. Kelly—Teaching, Quincy.

Edward B. Marsh—Leather business, Boston.

Mary C. Parker—Teaching, Quincy.

Charles A. Price—Teller, Boston Bank.

Addie F. Scott—Bookkeeping, Boston.

William W. Sheen—Railroad business, Tennessee.

Arthur C. White—Boot and shoe pattern store, Boston.

Maggie Brown—Milliner, Boston.

Louise B. Carter—

Joseph F. Costello—Reporter, Boston.

Sarah E. Dunphy—Bookkeeping, Boston.

Emma C. Flint—Teaching, Quincy.

Clara M. Gilrairie—Died, March 28, 1890.

Grace E. Ingram(Bennett)—Dorchester.

Mary L. Linton—Teaching.

Carrie F. Parker—Teaching, Quincy.

Minnie J. Pratt—At home, Quincy.

Henry N. W. Rideout—Freight department, Fitchburg depot.

Emma J. Shackley(Hoxie)—New York.

Edward J. Webb—Died, March 30, 1889.

Emily R. White—Nurse, City Hospital.

DIRECTORY OF '82.

Mabel E. Adams—Teaching, Boston.

Fred L. Badger—Stone-cutter, Quincy.

Mary Boyd(Fitzgerald)—Quincy.

Annie F. Comey(Conway)—Lynn.

Mary H. Cudworth—Bookkeeping, Boston.

William J. Dell—Clerk, O. C. R. R.

Minnie H. Doane(Thomas)—Dorchester.

Alice L. Faircloth—Dressmaker, Boston.

Dennis J. Ford—Stone-cutter, Quincy.

Maggie T. Garrity—Dressmaker, Boston.

Nellie C. Gragg—Teaching.

Benjamin Johnson—Lumber business, Quincy.

James R. Lovett—Iron business, Boston.

Wilson Marsh—Real estate agent, Boston.

Lizzie Mason—Teaching, Quincy.

Annie W. Miller—At home.

Addie W. Miller—At home.

Mary E. Nightingale—Teaching, Dorchester.

Mary A. Osborne(Keith)—Hudson.

Lizzie W. Penney—Music teacher, Cambridgeport.

Lillie H. Polson—At home, New Haven.

William J. Thompson—Paper business, Boston.

Ellen R. Washburn—Teaching, Bridgewater.

James S. Whiting—Leather business.

James E. Woddick—Reporter, Quincy.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A MOTHER'S influence over boys is sometimes very great. She has more influence over her children than any other member of the family. Through a boy's love and respect for his mother he will do many things for her that no one else could induce him to do. She can make this influence good or bad, just as she pleases. As his early childhood is spent with her, he falls into her ways. A good, sincere, religious mother, who cares more for the spiritual welfare of her child than for his worldly gain, will usually have a good, sincere, religious son. But in some cases this is not the result, and a good mother often has a bad son.

Requiring prompt obedience in childhood increases a mother's influence in after life. A mother endowed with good sense, conscientiousness and prompt decision, who governs strictly but kindly, exacts deference while she inspires affection in the hearts of her children. The implicit deference exacted by Washington's mother from him in childhood never left him.

Another way to increase her influence is for a mother to gather her children around her every day and read lessons of morality and religion from some good book. Mrs. Washington was accustomed to do this, and these teachings sank deep into the mind of her son George. Washington said that he owed his success in after life to the early education received from his revered mother.

If many criminals had had different mothers, perhaps they would have had different characters. How many boys in the act of committing some crime will pause and say, "What will mother think?" or "What will mother say?" This thought often saves them. A boy who retains in his heart some love and respect for his mother cannot be wholly lost. When a boy leaves home for school, his mother's parting words are often remembered in times of temptation. Here her

discipline and teachings tell their tale. When Washington left home for school, he often recalled the precepts of his mother, and the habits formed under her guidance helped him through many complicated tasks and duties.

A boy will often give up some cherished hope, or some undertaking that he is anxious to perform, for the sake of his mother, who may have some inward feeling against it for which she cannot account. It is said that at fourteen years of age Washington wished very much to enter the navy. He had obtained his warrant and his luggage was already on board a man-of-war, when, at the last moment, his mother withdrew her consent. After much pleading she prevailed on him to give up the idea.

A mother's influence cannot be measured. No one knows how much good her influence has done, as in the case of Washington. How different the world would be if there were more such mothers as Mary Washington.

—*M. A. Farrell*, '93.

AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF
TWO HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

Women are always behind time, so the men say, and indeed that saying proved true in the case of two young women who one day last week reached the — Station just as the train was about to start. However, they rushed across the track, around the train, ascended the steps of the rear car, entered, and hastily seated themselves. They soon observed that the only occupants of the car were four rather rough looking men. The person nearest them attracted their attention, and their comments upon his appearance were anything but complimentary.

Soon these interesting young people began to feel rather uncomfortable, as the object of their conversation, taking from his pocket an ugly looking clay pipe, lighted, it (not the pipe but its contents) and went to work, apparently try-

ing to fill the car with smoke and the disagreeable odor that one generally experiences when meeting such a specimen of humanity.

Poor girls! They grew more and more uncomfortable, and wished their journey at an end. "Oh!" said one of them, "we are in it—the *smoker*, I mean." "I'm afraid we are," answered her companion. But when the conductor came along to punch their school tickets, he smiled at the young ladies,—(a very queer smile they thought) and one looked up and asked politely, "Is this the smoking car?" He looked at her with rather an amused expression, and replied, "No marm."

All that excitement for nothing! However, the joke was enjoyed by the conductor, as well as by the girls, who noticed that the unfortunate's pipe had suddenly disappeared. They then reached their destination.

—*Marion J. Gurney*, '94.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

PERHAPS at the present time, when there are so many discussions over a national flower, a few words about our national songs will not be amiss.

What schoolboy has not shouted "My Country, 'tis of Thee" on public school days before fond mammas and proud papas? Few of those who sing it know that the song was first suggested by the German music of "God save the King." The words were composed by S. F. Smith in the little town of Andover, Mass., as late as 1832, and sung for the first time by school children in our own Puritanic Boston on July 4 of the same year. Mr. Smith had not the remotest idea of the popularity into which his verses would spring, and doubtless would have taken a longer time to compose them had he thought they would be handed down to future generations. The verses were written in a single afternoon, at the request of a friend. The author still lives and enjoys the popularity of his song at his home in Newton. He is a

graduate of Harvard College, class of '29, and was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. So much for the song, which to my idea should be *the* national air of America.

Another song of almost equal popularity is "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." This seems to have many claimants, but many authorities agree to give the authorship to Thomas à Becket, an Englishman by birth, but an American by adoption. An actor in Philadelphia, desiring a song for his benefit night, called upon Mr. à Becket and made known his desire. The author scratched off the words with pencil, arranged the music hastily, and gave it to Mr. Shaw, the actor, requesting him not to give away or sell a copy, and immediately left the city for New Orleans. In a few days, to his surprise, he saw it appear in a leading magazine, as composed, written and sung by Mr. Shaw. Mr. à Becket returned to Philadelphia, disputed the copyright, and secured the authorship only to have it again stolen by English friends, who, having made slight changes, claimed it as an English production and the original as an American adaptation. Mr. à Becket was living in Philadelphia as late as 1879, still mourning the loss of his song.

Our third song is the ever familiar "The Star Spangled Banner," which was written by Francis Scott Key, off the coast of Maryland, where he anxiously watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British, and joyously scribbled off the verses on the back of a letter, as the British retreated in the gray dawn. "The Star Spangled Banner" was first sung in a small one-story house which had been long occupied as a tavern. This song was adapted to the air of an old English song, entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven." Mr. Key was a lawyer by profession, and died in 1843, in Maryland, where he was born.

The fourth song, and the last I shall mention, "Hail Columbia," is

truly patriotic in its sentiment and spirit. This song was written by Hon. Joseph Hopkinson in the summer of 1798, when the war between England and France was raging. It was written by the author for a schoolmate who wished to sing it at his benefit, and was adapted to the air of "The President's March." It found favor with all Americans, because of its sentiment and feelings.

Every American should know and love our national songs. The children should be taught to sing them in the schools. In the second Messenian war, the Spartans, in obedience to an oracle, sent to Athens for a general who was to bring them success. The Athenians, who were enemies of the Spartans, out of ridicule sent them "the lame old poet Tyrtaeus." Tyrtaeus, however, composed some beautiful patriotic songs for the Spartans, which he sang to them, inspiring them with patriotism, and thus spurred them on to victory. So we, by having the children sing our national songs in the schools, at least on patriotic days like Memorial Day and Washington's Birthday, may have the same influence in making them true patriots as the songs of Tyrtaeus had in spurring the Spartans on to victory.

—Gertrude A. Boyd, '93.

We gave to our past principal, upon one of his flying visits, a happy little surprise on Thursday, Jan. 31, by calling the school suddenly together in the large room, and presenting to him, through one of our teachers, a little symbol of our love and appreciation. The gift was a statuette of Mercury, eighteen inches high, in old ivory finish, in addition to some Limoges china chocolate cups and saucers. May he long live to enjoy and use them; may he sometimes think of their donors, and may his success in his present field of labor equal that of his past. We feel that in hoping for this we are wishing him the summit of success.

THE TEN HEALTH COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other food than at meal time.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies or put into pastry the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it or trying to digest it. For the dyspepsia will be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that eat pie; and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of health.

3. Remember thy bread to bake it well; for he will not be kept sound that eateth his bread as dough.

4. Thou shalt not indulge sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.

5. Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean; and the seventh thou shalt take a great bath, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord hath blessed the bath-tub and hallowed it.

6. Remember thy sitting-room and bed chamber to keep them ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

7. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuit.

8. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried.

9. Thou shalt not swallow thy food unchewed, highly spiced, or just before hard work, or just after it.

10. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor with anything that is thy neighbor's.—[New England Farmer.

February makes a bridge, March breaks it.

In the commerce of speech, use only coin of gold and silver.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

We announce with pleasure that our exchange list is rapidly increasing.

"The Shipwreck," in the High School Advance, is a composition which reflects great credit on its author.

It is rather late to describe games that occurred in November, but we notice that several of our exchanges have done so in recent issues.

The Squibbs from Seattle, Washington, has just begun life, and we wish it success. We think its appearance would be improved if its front cover, at least, were free from advertisements.

The determination to excel in whatever employment a young person may undertake is, of itself, an incentive to effort, and constant effort is certain to win success.—[High School Advance.

The Bouquet, another new exchange, is commendable for its neat appearance and its entertaining and interesting articles. We hope it will come again.

In the Oak, Lily, and Ivy we find a personal item used twice; once in the Personal column and again in the Local. We also observe an Exchange note among the Locals.

We notice that many of the exchanges have Latin mottoes worn threadbare by constant use. The Oracle's motto, however, attracts our attention because less common, and also because of the truth which it illustrates. Here it is: *Scire ubi aliquid invenias magna pars cruditionis est.*

WILLIE'S COMPOSITION ON SOAP.

"Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice looking cakes, that smell good and taste awful. Soap juice always tastes the worst when you get it in your eye. My father says the Eskimose don't never use soap. I wish I was an Eskimose."—[Exchange.

The High School Record contains an excellent article entitled "The Old-Fashioned Girl," and we are of the writer's opinion that "there ought to be more of them in this world."

The Academy Scholium is considered by us an interesting paper in all respects. "The Girl Without a Stocking," printed in the December number, is a very entertaining composition.

Four of our new exchanges are the Rambler, the Advocate, the Hamilton College Monthly, and the Owl, all of which are bright, interesting papers. We give them a cordial welcome, and hope they will visit us often.

WAYSIDE SPRAYS.

The next best thing to being witty one's self, is to be able to quote another's wit.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?

To find one good, you must a hundred try.

A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. A book is often better for weariness than sleep; better for cheerfulness than wine; a better physician than the doctor; a better preacher than the minister; a better sanctuary than the drowsy church.

Latin IV. wants to know when Sicily moved to the southeast of Greece.

A young lady of Latin IV. compared *bonus* thus: "*bonus, bonior, bonissimus.*"

A young lady of Drawing II. is trying to find a gun to shoot a pair of compasses.

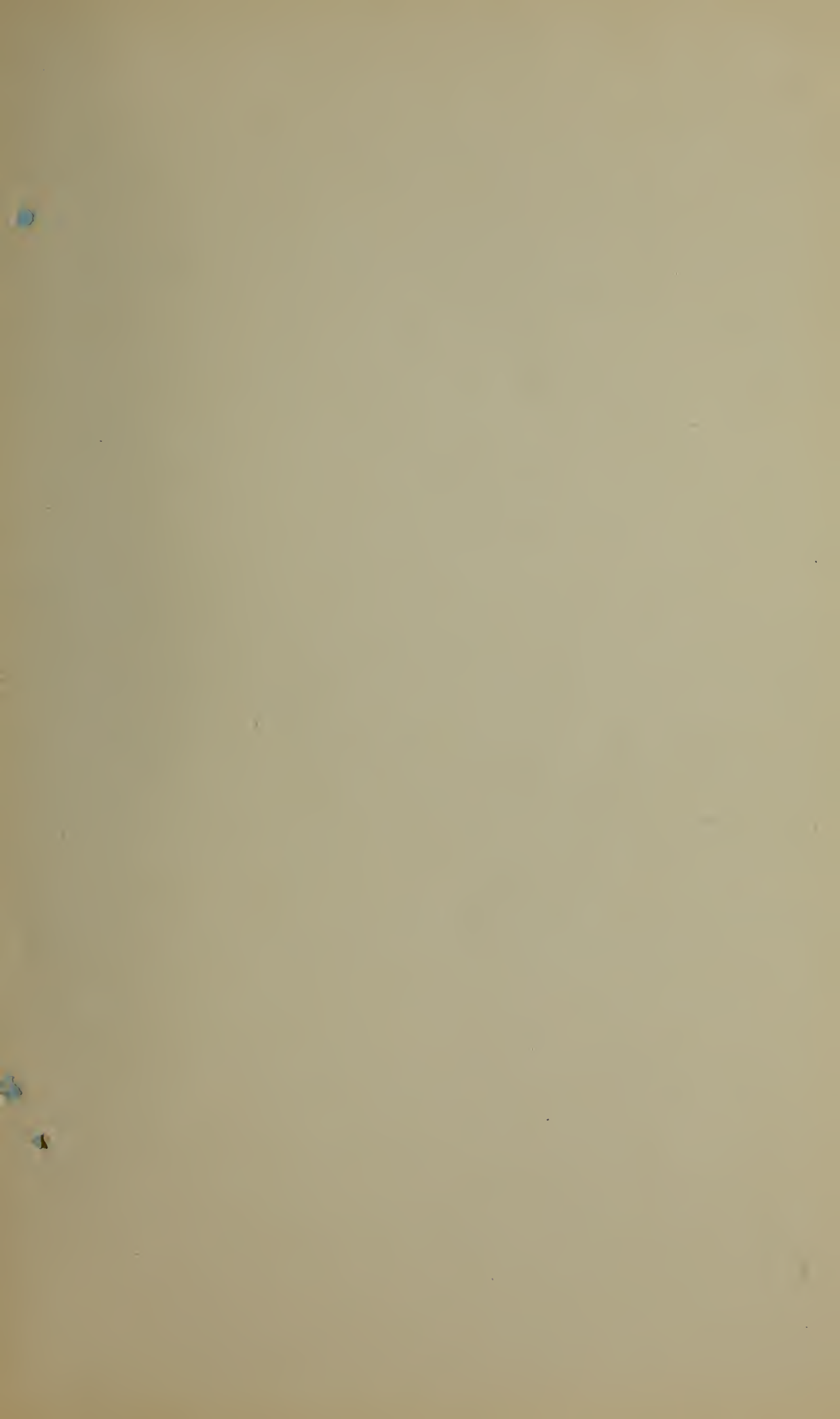
Latin IV. Teacher—How many sons had Noah?

Pupil—Seven.

We are informed that Polyphemus was accustomed to frequently "groan his teeth."

A member of French III. translated *voulut la garder*, "blamed the gardener."

Our Local column seems to indicate that Latin IV. has been taking a short vacation.



GOOSE
FEET
ROS

ENCOURAGEMENT



THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., MARCH, 1892.

No. 7.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

WE have received a few letters stating errors made in the Class Directories, and while we thank those who have informed us of the same, we wish to ask those who give the lists to the editors to be more careful and accurate in their reports. Some of the graduates feel very much offended if their names are overlooked, or wrong occupations are assigned to them. Should they attempt to secure the names of all the graduates from 1865 to the present time, and then learn their whereabouts, they would soon realize that it is indeed a task, and that errors are easily made. We hope all such persons will pardon slight inaccuracies, as we shall gladly rectify them. s.

*

Rev. H. E. Cotton of the Episcopal church has kindly contributed to our cabinet specimens. The gift is a conch-shell chisel used by the Caribbean Indians in excavating their canoes. These were first hollowed out by building a fire in the chosen log, and then by chiseling out the charred wood, this process being continued until the required depth was obtained. Considering the crudeness of the chisels, the process must have been long and tedious. The specimen we now

have was dug up with others in the Island of Barbadoes, W. I., after having been in the ground nearly four hundred years, since only a few Indians were found there in the year 1500, and fewer still when the English took possession of the island. We extend to Mr. Cotton our thanks for the specimen and accompanying description, and to any other interested Quincyites we send a cordial invitation to "follow suit." s.

*

"O what a pity!" "Poor little fellow!" These exclamations were uttered almost simultaneously by two persons who, from the window of a warm room, were regarding the blinding March snow storm without. The object of their pity was a little boy, seemingly about eight years of age, who was coming down the street with a large bundle in his arms. The wind was piercing, but he wore no overcoat; his ragged cap was pulled over his ears; his hands were bare, and his boots were covered with snow. Is it any wonder that the sight called forth exclamations of pity? Scarcely, however, had the words "poor little fellow" been pronounced, when the boy threw back his head, quickened his steps to a run, and as he flew past the window, those who were watching him caught the words "Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart," sung at the top of a shrill little voice.

The girls at the window looked first after the little fellow disappearing around a corner, and then at each other. A few moments before they had been discontented, and had complained loudly because the storm had disarranged their plans for the afternoon. They had entirely forgotten the comforts with which they were surrounded. A lesson had been set before them in

the person of that little boy, who in spite of cold and other discomforts, cheerfully made the best of his lot, and even sang in the midst of the storm. The girls were heartily ashamed of their former discontent, and resolved to be more careful in future about complaining of trifles. May we not all say with Mrs. Browning—

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's."

R.

*
"He don't know." How does that look? Evidently something is wrong, for I see you frown when you read the words. Yes, it is incorrect, but pupils who would laugh at any one who said "he do not know," use the contraction every day. One day last term a young lady of the high school, when called upon to criticise another pupil's Latin sentence said, "He hadn't ought," but her criticism was suddenly arrested by an exclamation from the teacher and the words, "Please translate." The young lady looked puzzled for an instant and then triumphantly exclaimed, "He had not ought." The suffering teacher winced and faintly said, "I do not understand." Another pause, and then came the words awaited, "He ought not." We hope the lesson was not unheeded by the other pupils. Another ear-piercing expression is "she, he, or it aint," but owing to the efforts of the grammar school teachers, this mistake is not so common as it was formerly. In general, however, those who teach grammar in our schools receive little return for their labor; the pupils seem to think that if they recite correctly in the class, that is all that is expected of them, and never think of using the lesson in daily conversation.

We remember one amusing as well as discouraging instance which occurred in a school not many miles from this one. One member of the class, who had failed regularly for a week, was asked by the teacher of English grammar why his lessons were not

learned. He appeared to be in an uncommunicative mood, so the teacher asked how he spent his evenings, whether he read, played games, or went to bed as soon as he had eaten his supper. To every question he gave a negative answer, and at last the teacher said, "Then what *do* you do, Master —?" and as if driven to desperation he exclaimed, "O, I be's studying the grammar." The despair of the teacher was plainly written on her face. Of course the pupils laughed, but every day mistakes are made by them which are just as unpardonable. We are glad to say that the crudest mistakes are fairly well eradicated, but many inherited and often used expressions demand our constant care. Let us all give more attention to this matter, and before we strive so eagerly to learn a foreign tongue, learn to speak our own beautiful English language more correctly than we do at present.

R.

*
The successor of Col. Parker as superintendent of the Quincy schools was Mr. Sylvester Brown, whose very name, although not particularly odd, suggests cheerfulness and enthusiasm to those who know him. Mr. Brown is a New Hampshire man, and in his early life taught in that state. Previous to his two years' service as superintendent he taught in Atlantic, West Quincy and Brookline. He followed closely in Col. Parker's steps, and the course of study established by the latter was satisfactorily continued by his successor. With the growth of the town, there was naturally more money to be expended in the interests of the schools, more advantages to be offered, and hence their gradual improvement. There was always some trait or characteristic about Mr. Brown that charmed his pupils and increased their interest in their work. When he entered the school-room, instead of seeing the uneasy, terrified expressions of the children's faces which would suggest their fears of his hearing a recita-

tion, he was greeted with bright, happy smiles. In return for his kindness to all, which was one great cause of his success, he held and still holds the respect and esteem of all the teachers, and love of all the pupils. The members of the Martin School, Boston, are now receiving the benefit of his services, as he has entire charge of that school. s.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, JOSEPH J. CALLAHAN.

DIRECTORY OF '81.

"A Toute Force."

Joanna L. Callahan—At home.
 Sarah F. Costello—Millinery store, Boston.
 Mary E. Crane (Lovett)—Wollaston.
 Carrie A. Crane—At home, Quincy.
 Ellen A. Desmond—Teaching, Quincy.
 William I. Dewson—Commercial traveler.
 Katie G. Early—Nurse, Quincy.
 Frank H. Floyd—In the West.
 Annie G. Hayes (Watson)—East Milton.
 Annie L. Hayward—At home, Quincy.
 Cora A. Hayward—Governess, Quincy.
 Mary W. Holden—Teaching, Quincy.
 Rose L. Holt (Fuller)—Quincy.
 Nellie F. Kendall—At home, Atlantic.
 Arthur W. Newcomb—At home, Quincy.
 Winnie F. Kendall—Artist, Lowell.
 Belle Nightingale—At home, Quincy.
 Lucy G. O'Connell—Book-keeping, Quincy.
 John G. Owens—Teaching, Rockland.
 Mary Smith (Goodwin)—Quincy.
 Lucy M. Spear—At home, Quincy.
 Henry A. Talbot—Book-keeping, Boston.

DIRECTORY OF '80.

"Pas à Pas."

Elizabeth M. Brewer—At office of

Water Co., Quincy.
 Annie F. Burns—Teaching, Quincy.
 Helen M. Chamberlin—Teaching, Quincy.
 William F. Dugan—Died, 1892.
 T. George Emerson—Cooper, Winchester, N. H.
 John G. Faxon—Journalist, Fitchburg.
 Lizzie F. Faxon—Stenographer, Boston.
 Charles H. Fuller—Minister.
 Georgia M. Glines—Teaching, Springfield.
 Alice T. Kelley—Teaching, Quincy.
 John T. Larkin—Blacksmith, Quincy.
 Sarah A. Malone—Teaching, Quincy.
 B. Teresa McDonnell—Teaching, Quincy.
 Ida F. Paine (Humphrey)—Mattapan.
 Nettie A. Randlett (Badger)—Quincy.
 Henry H. Sheen—Railroad business, Tennessee.
 Horace F. Spear—Clerk at bank, Quincy.
 Mary P. Underwood—Teaching, Quincy.
 Katie T. Wendell—At home, Quincy.

ERRATA.

Of the class of '84, Eliza S. Dinie is teaching in Waltham; Cortes W. Cavanaugh is employed in a publishing house in New York; Arthur P. Benson, Waltham Grain Co.; Justin H. Emery, book-keeper, Boston; Annie T. Wendall, at home, Quincy. Louise B. Carter (Myers) of '83, is in Quincy, and Annie F. Swift, of '85, is at home, Germantown.

We have received visits this month from Rev. H. E. Cotton, Mr. W. Corthell, and Mrs. George A. Bailey.

Use what talents you possess; the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sang the best.

Honor is the hill which few may hope to climb;
 Duty is the path that all may tread.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Vacation in two weeks!

Ha! Ha!

No examinations at the end of this term!!

What a relief!!!

Latin II. translated "*latos populos*," "broad people."

We refer you to Latin III. for the pronunciation of "Remi."

Geometry III.—A straight line is a line no part of which is straight.

So far this term we have had two holidays on account of a severe snow storm.

Ask your grocer how pickles are sold. One young lady thinks they are sold by the pound.

Latin III. Teacher—What genitive is *pābuli*?

Pupil—Sum, esse, fui.

French III. compared the superlative degree of "rare," and got "rarest, rarester, rarestest."

Physics III. are about to hire a police to guard their apparatus from the boys of the Fourth class.

Latin III. Young lady to young man behind her—Please close that window,—the wind blows on me.

Young man—Well, it blows on me first.

Lost:—On Wednesday, March 9, in the Rhetoric class, the mind of a young man. We do not doubt that a suitable reward will be offered for its return.

The young men in the bass ought to consider it an honor to lead the chorus by giving their chord first. But alas, they do not appreciate the compliment.

Physics teaches that every particle of matter has an attraction for every other particle. This is particularly true in the case of one young man of the Rhetoric class, who, studying at the rear of the recitation room, attracts the attention of the whole class. What makes him so attractive no one knows, but nevertheless he is.

Geometry III. Teacher—What is the letter after *G* in the alphabet?

Pupil—*E*.

If a magnet could be obtained which would make a young man rise quickly, it would be appreciated by the Third class in Geometry.

A very difficult experiment was tried in Physics which required the use of the *sun*. But, failing to make its appearance, it was suggested that a *son* in the school should be used.

IN HONOR OF WASHINGTON.

On Friday afternoon, February 26, an entertainment in honor of Washington's birthday was given at our school before a small audience. The program was entirely patriotic. The first part consisted of selections about our country as a whole; then all the states were presented in the order of their accepting the Constitution, the best points of each being mentioned by the pupil who represented it. This exercise, which was called "Forty-Four Stars on a Blue Field," was very instructive, and we hope that the pupils may have learned from it many facts of history and geography, which they did not know before.

Eulogies on eleven of America's greatest men, and declamations on the following subjects, were given: The Builders; Our Fathers' Creed; Value of Monuments; Bunker Hill Monument; The Meteor Flag; Our Flag; Our Heritage; The Stars of the Union; The Rock of Independence. The several songs sung by the school were of a patriotic nature, the last of which, entitled "George Washington," completed the program.

As we are not conceited we will not speak of our success, unless we may be allowed to measure it in financial terms, and tell you that our net proceeds were nearly fifteen dollars. If you will call on us next term, you will undoubtedly see several new ornaments in our rooms. O, if we only had a large new building to decorate! Wouldn't it be encouraging?

"DOWN-EASTERS."

IS there anything which so thoroughly pleases the city boy as laughing and making fun of his country cousin, whom he delights to call the "down-easter"? How, when, or where this name for Maine people originated is more than I know, but I will not censure the city boy for using the term, as he probably follows the general custom without realizing that "custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools." It seems to me that "up-northerners" would be a more appropriate term for the people of the Pine Tree state. However, it makes no difference with our typical Maine lad, for he is as proud of the former name as the city boy is when exclaiming it.

Let us follow these two young men through life, and see which one reaps the greater harvest and makes the more of himself. The jeers and ridicule of the elevated cousin may provoke and irritate the other for a while, yet he preserves his manliness. Society and amusement are uppermost in the mind of the city boy, and while he spends his evenings at the theatre, at parties and dances, his wise young relative in the country is at home with his parents, generally reading or studying. He prefers to enter society when he knows something, and his brains (not money and good looks, as in the former case) can introduce him and make him known. He thinks it is very nice for young people to attend parties when circumstances will allow, and approves of their doing so occasionally; yet he asks, "Is there not time to attend to social duties in later life when school-days are over, and cannot youth, the seed-time, be more profitably spent?"

Our city lad goes through the college (but the college does n't go through him); roams about the country, travels abroad,—his father's salary supporting him,—and does not commence business until it is absolutely necessary; while

his cousin enjoys earning an honest living, determines to accomplish a certain object, and is not satisfied until he succeeds. He marks out for himself a line of duty and follows it to the end.

Meanwhile the country boy is "cultivating common sense" which should be the "aim of all intellectual training for the mass of people." The former may claim to be able to understand Greek, Mathematics and the Sciences, but of what good is all this learning to him—if he has it? What is the ratio between *all* the knowledge contained in text books, and *brains*?

The subjects of my sketch are now past the prime of life. One has a pleasant home, small fortune, many friends, and a happy family; the other, spurred on by the temptations of a busy city, continues his intemperate habits. No more need be said about the latter,—you may imagine the rest, and judge for yourself which is the successful man. Ah! the country boy need not despair, for it is he who today stands shoulder to shoulder with men who are making history as well as fortune, especially in large cities.

There are exceptions to all rules, so the model city boys must not be offended, for there are, of course, many nice young men even in our little city of Quincy. But alas for him whom I have taken as a representative!

—Leila H. Sprague, '94.

CHARACTER OF H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WE need not consult a biography nor an autobiography to learn the character of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, for by reading his poems we can tell what manner of man he was. Longfellow was very energetic. He tried to improve every opportunity, as one may easily see by reading his Psalm of Life, especially where he says:—

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present;
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

Not only did he do all he could, but he endeavored to do everything well. This spirit pervades the poem, "The Builders," and many others. In one he says:—

"O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!"

The poet was truly a lover of nature. To him the trees and flowers were like human beings, and the woods had a great charm for him. He says of the trees:—

"They ever whispered mild and low,
'Come be a child once more!
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodland's hoar."

In the poem, "My Lost Youth," the author speaks of the pleasant hours he spent in Deering's Woods. He also found solace and comfort in nature, for he says:—

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

"An April Day," "Flowers," and "A Day of Sunshine" are but a few of the many poems that declare his love for the things of nature.

A very beautiful trait in Longfellow's character was his love for children. Can any one doubt this who has read "The Children's Hour?" Then there is his poem entitled "Children," in which his tender love for them is the inspiring thought. Not only his own children, but many that lived near him, had great affection for him. On his seventy-second birthday the children of Cambridge presented to him an arm-chair made from the wood of the "Village Blacksmith's Chestnut Tree." How beautifully he expressed his gratitude to them by writing the poem, "From My Arm-Chair."

The following extract tells us how he loved his home:—

"Stay, stay at home my heart, and rest;
Home keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where,

Are full of trouble and full of care."
The "Children's Hour" also con-

tains a beautiful picture of his home life. The poet had a very deep affection for his friends. In referring to some from whom he had been separated, he says:—

"I also wait: but they will come no more.
Those friends of mine whose presence satisfied
The thirst and longing of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door.
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be."

In the poem, "To the River Charles," he speaks of three intimate friends, who bore that name of whom he had many very pleasant and reminiscences. Longfellow had a firm religious belief. His perfect trust in God is the sentiment of several poems. In one he says:—

"All is of God! if he but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud."

He very clearly expresses his belief in after life in this beautiful stanza which is so often quoted:—

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

By continued study of his poems we should discern many more excellent qualities which would enable us to form a more complete idea of the character of one of our greatest American poets.

—Cassie Thayer, '93.

THE WILLOW.

WILLOWS are found on the banks of sluggish streams, in low, marshy places, and on little islands in the middle of rivers. They are relatives of the oaks and were at one time classified among them, but have recently been arranged in a group by themselves. Their branches are round and pliable, and have a shining, silvery look. The branches of the weeping-willows touch the ground, and on this account have always been considered an emblem of woe and desertion.

A story is told of the way in which the weeping-willow was introduced into England. Many years ago a well known poet, Alexander Pope, received a basket of figs as a present from Turkey. The basket was made of the branches of the weeping-willow, the same species under which the captive Jews wept by the waters of Babylon. The poet valued the small, tender twigs very much, being associated with so much that was interesting. He planted one of the twigs which had small buds upon it, with the hope that it would grow, as none of this species was known in England. It took root, and soon the little twig became a tree and drooped gracefully over the river in the same manner as those did over the waters of Babylon. From that one twig all the weeping-willows in England are descended.

The rapid growth of the willows is referred to in the Bible: "They shall spring up as willows by the water courses." The word *Salix*, the family name of the willows, is derived from a word that means to spring. They are seen springing up almost everywhere if the ground has sufficient moisture.

A native in one of the missionary settlements in Africa brought a log of willow from a long distance, intending to make it into a bowl when he should feel in the humor to work. He threw the log into a pool of water; weeks and months passed before he felt in the mood, but the log set to work of its own accord, took root, and in the end became a large and handsome tree.

The bark and also the leaves are used in tanning and for medicinal purposes. The bark of one species is said to be almost equal in its effects to the Peruvian bark. A substance is extracted from it which is used for the low fevers which prevail in damp, marshy places.

As far back as the time of the Romans, the pliability and smoothness of the willow twig were well known. They employed

the twigs in binding up their vines, and in making ropes and baskets. A crop of willows was considered by the inhabitants of the Eternal City to be equal in value to a vineyard.

The flowers of the willow are of two kinds, one bearing the stamens and the other the pistils, and each growing upon a separate stem. The seeds are covered by a soft, downy substance, which is eagerly sought after by the birds as a lining to their nests, and in some parts of Germany is collected by the people and used as a wadding to their winter clothes, and for manufacturing into a coarse paper.

Many different kinds of wood are used in making charcoal, but the willow is esteemed best of all, and is grown for that purpose in Kent and other parts of England.

--*Helen Nutting*, '93.

WAYSIDE SPRAYS.

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing
skies:

I hear the rushing of the blast,
That thro' the snowy valley flies.

Ah March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and
threats,
And out of sight, art nursing April's vio-
lets.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn winter dies;
Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March!

God never made his work for
man to mend.

The only jewel which will not
decay is knowledge.

All work is noble, and blessed is
he who has found his work, his
life-purpose.

Words are like leaves: and where they
most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
found.

A cheerful temper joined with
innocence will make beauty at-
tractive, knowledge delightful, and
wit good-natured.

Be what nature intended you for
and you will succeed; be anything
else and you will be ten thousand
times worse than nothing.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

The best reward of a kindly deed is the knowledge of having done it.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

A life without a purpose is like a ship at sea without a destination; the course of each will be uncertain, but the sad end sure.

If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality. If there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.

Rhetoric IV. Teacher—What is the man called who always thinks the best?

Pupil—A dude.

Latin IV. Teacher—Translate the next sentence.

Pupil—The Romans conquered Greece.

Teacher—Put it in the perfect.

Pupil—Greece conquered the Romans.

Deliver me from the girl

Who dabbles her curls in my ink-well;

Who wets my lead-pencil;

Who loses my knife;

Who drops my eraser down the register;

Who can't throw a ball;

Who cries if you touch her;

Who dares me to do forbidden things, and laughs when I fall in disgrace;

Who can't sit still two minutes, even when a fellow is expected to do something fine in drawing;

Who is awfully surprised to hear I've been out of school two weeks with a broken wrist;

Who accepts my apples and oranges and divides them with some other fellow;

And who lets me think I'm going home with her till that other fellow comes along.

"She knows who she is."

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

The Advocate has just introduced an Exchange column, which improves the paper very much.

We greet the Echo from Fitchburg, Mass. The composition entitled "One Summer," is very interesting.

Echoes from Vergil:—"Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphæ." "I have twice seven beautiful imps."—Taps.

The Hamilton College Monthly contains more essays than any of our exchanges. "How Katie got her Christmas," is a credit to its author.

The Volcano is always welcome. Its eruptions are of a very pleasing literary character. "The People of Grand Prè" is the subject of one of the best essays in the last number.

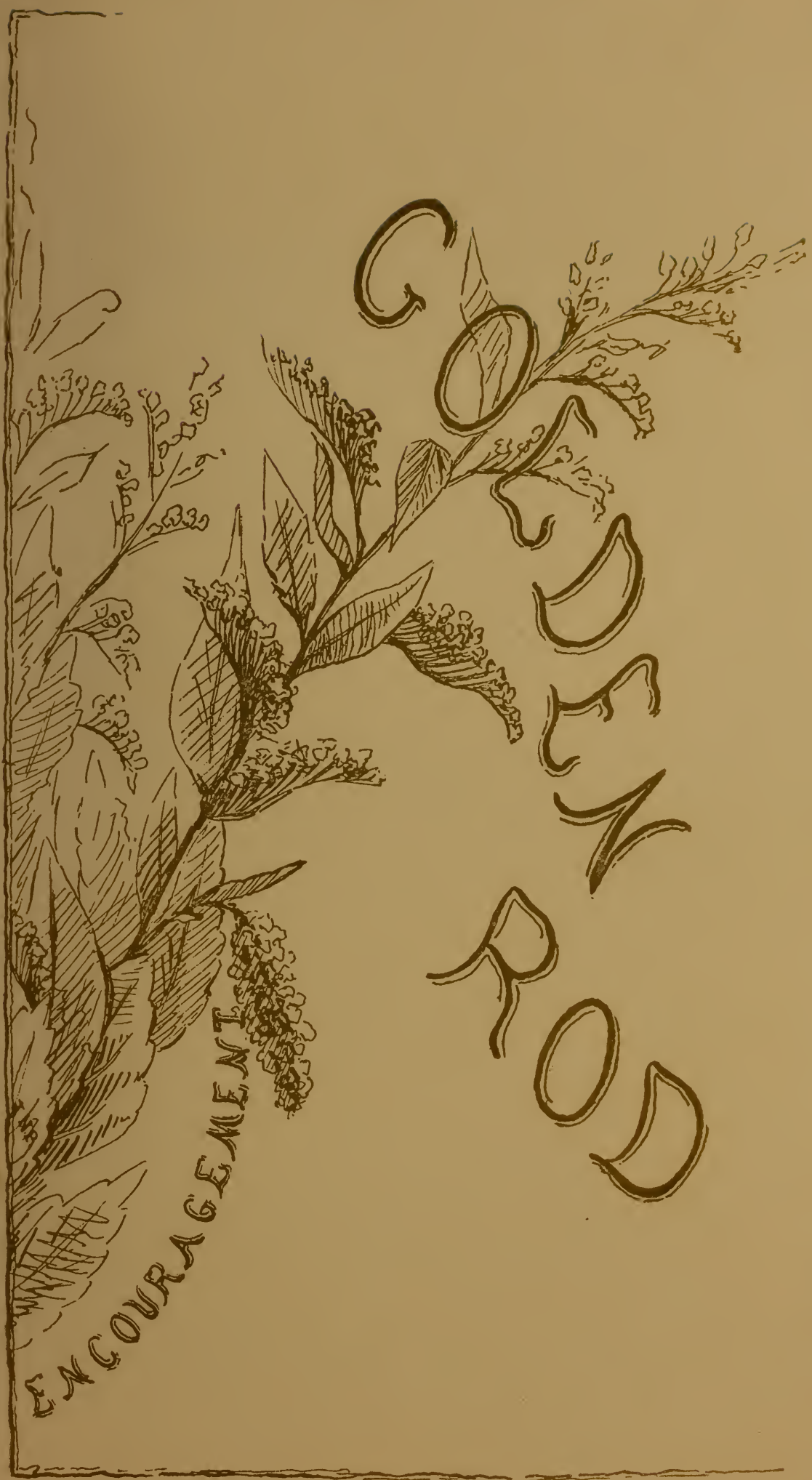
"School Life in Dresden," and "New York to San Francisco via the Isthmus of Panama," in the Academy Scholium, are two essays which we have enjoyed reading. The latter will be continued next month, and we hope to receive the next issue so that we may finish reading the story.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: High School Life, College Graphic, The Speculum, Tripod, The Owl, Oracle, Academy Monthly, Rambler, Academy, The Times, The Review, Monthly Visitor, Glenwood Gazette, Advocate, Beacon, Chauncy Hall Abstract, Cue, Echo, High School Advance, High School Record, Jabberwock, Midland College Monthly, Prairie Breezes; Oak, Lily and Ivy; Premier, Pomona Student, Recorder, Stranger, Shattuck Cadet, Sea Side Torch, Student, Tabor Tatler, Taps, Volcano.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.





GOODE
ROSE

ENCOURAGEMENT

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL, 1892.

No. 8.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to

ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. McGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

“OF course I believe in telling a lie only when it is necessary,” said a lady a few days ago. The principle of always speaking the truth was being discussed, and the lady who uttered these words maintained that in some cases a falsehood is very pardonable. As we listened to the discussion and heard this lady's views and the arguments by which she supported them, the words of the “Puritan maiden Priscilla” came to our mind:—

“Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.”

Is it not possible to speak the truth always? If we remember that when we say that which is not true we are breaking one of God's commandments, shall we not say at once that we know falsehood is never “necessary.” Would our Father have commanded his children not to bear false witness if it were impossible to abide by that commandment? We once heard a question concerning the meaning of the words “speak what we think” in the selection previously quoted. We maintain that it is not necessary to speak all that we may think, especially if by so doing we may needlessly wound

another's feelings, but let that which we do say be true to our honest opinion. And if, as is very possible, since none of us have perfect charity, we sometimes have thoughts which might cause others pain, is it not best that they be left unspoken? R.

*

Last, but indeed not least of our former superintendents, about whom we shall briefly write, is George I. Aldrich, a man so well known that I think it almost unnecessary for me to speak of his ability and of his success in Quincy. His services have, indeed, been very valuable to the city. Not only has he kept the schools up to their high standard, but they are indebted to him for the introduction of nature studies. Systematic training in Music was also begun during his superintendence. His work in Canton and Milton, as well as in Quincy, was always satisfactory, and as he has said, the relations existing between himself and the teachers were always of the pleasantest kind. I need not speak of the various honors won in schools and conventions, for the fact that he is a member of the Board of Education is sufficient. A great educational man once remarked to a Quincy teacher, “Do you know what you have in Quincy?” The teacher replied that she did not know to what he referred. “Well,” said the man, “you have one of the finest superintendents in New England.” We can give Mr. Aldrich no greater compliment than to agree with the statement.

S.

*

Few people work harder or receive less compensation for their labor than the teachers in our public schools. By compensation we do not mean the salary paid them

by the treasurer, but the appreciation awarded their efforts by the parents and pupils. Many parents have decided to fit their children for teachers simply because "teachers have an easy life." If these people were obliged to assume the duties of managing a school for a week, their opinions would undoubtedly undergo a great change. Pupils too often regard their teachers as human beings entirely devoid of all delicate sensibilities liable to be wounded by a total absence of any sign of esteem and appreciation from those whom they are endeavoring to lead along the paths of knowledge, and whose school life they are trying to make at once pleasant and profitable. Many of the pupils either receive the fruits of their teacher's knowledge as their right, for which no thanks are due, never thinking of much that is volunteered by the teacher simply to make the pupils' studies more entertaining; or else often seem to imply that the information volunteered is a burden to them. We think that such a feeling on the part of the students is neither kind nor just to the teacher. It is not for his own good but for the pupils' that the teacher explains the lesson so carefully, recommends reference books, the reading of which may give the pupils a clearer understanding of a subject, and cheerfully gives much of his time outside of school hours to aid those who may not have grasped the idea in the recitation hour. Since the teacher does all this, surely the pupils ought to reward his efforts by earnestly striving to profit by the aid which he gives, and they should feel deeply grateful for the efforts in their behalf.

R.

*

For several years it has been the custom for each graduating class to leave some memento to the school. For the last two years the Washington's Birthday celebrations have been considered the First Class entertainments,—we hope they were "first class",—so

the proceeds were expended by the members of those classes, and the purchases were presented to the school. Last term we were much interested in the presentation made by John Estabrooks, as a representative of his class, the gifts being a bust of Minerva, and pictures of Lowell and Columbus. We return our thanks to the members of the Class of '93 for the pleasure we shall derive from glancing at their gifts when they have left us to pursue higher branches of study, and we poor things who remain must assume the responsibilities of the First Class. After the presentation, we listened to an essay by Miss Reed on Minerva, which appears in this issue.

*

Have you ever heard people say—but of course you have—"What a lucky fellow he is!" Then some pupils often remark, "Well, I never saw such luck as Fanny Black has! The teacher always asks her a question that she knows, and she is always getting rewards, and presents, and favors." How I long to preach a little sermon to this thoughtless pupil who makes the remark, and ask if she thinks that Fanny Black knows the answer to only that one question which the teacher by chance asks her. Then I should like to say, Is it luck that wins for her success and credit? Ah, no! It is nothing but hard work and perseverance. Luck did not invent the telephone or lay the Atlantic cable. It has never built temples or cured the sick, neither is it liable to do these things. The fact is, "They who make good luck a god count all unlucky men," for—

"'Tis Writ on Paradise's gate,

'Woe to the dupe that yields to Fate!'"

S.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.

Attempt the end and never stand in
doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it
out.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor,—all labor is noble and holy.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Vacation's gone!

Are we glad or are we sorry?

Well, we were told on the morning of our return, that we looked cheerful and happy, so that speaks well for our school, but one cannot always judge from appearances.

In a few weeks we hope to see our piano covered with real flowers.

Drawing II. are making designs for calico with which the young ladies are to make dresses, unless the calico is too "giddy."

Teachers who are at all experienced know what to expect when a pupil begins a recitation with "Well, a-a etc." Beware!

We pity from the depths of our hearts the women, especially dress-makers, who do not know the difference between a foot and a "finger-length."

French III. are trying to find out how "William" felt after firing his gun with a double charge of powder. We "Latins" are at a loss to know who "William" is.

On Thursday, April 14, many were absent, so those present were dismissed at 12 o'clock to return to school Monday. We wish there were more Good Fridays in the year.

Rhetoric IV. Teacher—Give a word derived from the Latin word *sex*, and its meaning.

Pupil—*Sextant*, which means the man who takes care of a meeting-house.

Query (from boys)—Why don't the girls go out in the yard recesses, now that spring has come?

Answer (female)—They are too busy with their Latin, especially Class III. Others prefer dancing.

One of the young men was heard to say that he had fallen in love with the bust of Minerva. We appreciate his taste for artistic work, but sincerely hope he will not waste much affection on an inanimate object.

We wonder if any members of Physics III. will purchase motors when hot weather comes, to keep flies from them. But of course they will not, because there are "no flies on them," especially the Latin division.

The young ladies of Bookkeeping II. are visited daily by a small mouse. Perhaps the interesting visitor intends commencing business, so leaves his little home during that hour that he may learn the study of Bookkeeping.

We wish others would take as much interest in decorating our rooms as one young lady of the Third Class, who has made some beautiful paper chrysanthemums, and had them hung over the frame of Holmes' picture.

A young lady of Geometry III. named an angle with four letters, which of course was incorrect. Hands immediately arose and the pupil, becoming quite excited and anxious to correct herself, exclaimed, "No, *x* ought not to be in it." A neighbor whispered in an undertone, "Why don't you leave it out of it, then?" Of course it would shock the young ladies to be told that they used slang.

Last term Physics III. were kindly presented to the dynamos and other machines at the Electric station, for the purpose of studying them and increasing their knowledge of electricity. A few students formed too intimate acquaintance with these objects of study, and unintentionally experienced shocks, wondering at the cause. If they learned nothing else, they certainly did learn not to point at the machines, as children always do. Others amused themselves by straining their poor muscles in pulling a large piece of steel from the great electro magnet. Some, especially a few of the young ladies, feared to show their weakness.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, JOSEPH J. CALLAHAN.

CLASS DIRECTORIES.

CLASS OF '79

"A Deux Mains."

Minnie J. Carter (Myers)—Quincy.
Theresa S. Fegan—Teaching,
Quincy.
Nellie W. French—Teaching,
Brookline.
Dorcas C. Higgins—Teaching,
Somerville.
Manetta W. Tenney—Teaching,
Wollaston.
Addie C. Starrett—Teaching,
Chelsea.
Emily G. Townsend—Deceased.
Ella A. Whebble—At home.

CLASS OF '78.

"Animo et Fide."

Margaret E. Burns—Teaching, At-
lantic.
Julia T. Damon (Wentworth)—
Roxbury.
Caroline N. Eaton (Sprague)—
Wollaston.
Lucy W. Faunce (Pinkham)—Wol-
laston.
Mary E. Faxon—Deceased.
Emily M. Garrity—At home, Quin-
cy.
John J. Garrity—Priest, East Bos-
ton.
Clara A. Grignon—At home, Quin-
cy.
Charles W. Jones—At Steamer
House, Quincy.
Charlotte L. Polson (Emerson)—
Everett.
Emma C. G. Polson—At home,
Wollaston.
Elizabeth A. Souther—Teaching,
Quincy High School.
Anna M. Starbuck—Teaching,
Bournedale.
Mary F. Underwood—At Mt. Wol-
laston Bank, Quincy.
Abbie J. Wisley (Higgins)—Quin-
cy.
Jonathan O. Williams—Furniture
Business, Boston.

CLASS OF '77.

"Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter."

Julia F. Cahill (Coyle)—Quincy.

Susan C. Flint—Teaching, Boston.
Mabel G. French—Teaching, Pri-
vate School, Quincy.
Fred F. Green—Publisher and edi-
tor of Advertiser, Quincy.
Annie J. Lane—At home, Quincy
Sibylla A. Pfaffmann—At Harvard
Annex.
Frank F. Prescott—Editor of
Quincy Ledger.
Nellie B. Randlette (Badger)—
Quincy.
Katie A. Raycroft—Teaching, Bos-
ton.
Mary J. Shea (married)—Hyde
Park.
Jennie Smith (Corliss)—Teaching,
Brighton.
Herbert W. Spear—Officer in U.
S. Navy.

CLASS OF '76.

"Nulla Dies Sine Linea."

Ralph G. Crane—Shipping-clerk,
Boston.
Minnie S. Davis (Ripley)—Quincy.
Mary E. Fitzgerald—Dressmaking,
Quincy.
Daniel H. Keniley—Citizens' Gas
Light Co., Quincy.
Alice G. White—Librarian, Quin-
cy.

CLASS OF '75.

"Tentanda Via est."

Suzene A. Arnold (Clark)—New
York.
Mary M. Devlin—Teaching, Quin-
cy.
A. Maud Randall (Arnold)—Quin-
cy.
Mary T. Duggan—At home, At-
lantic.
Amey F. Newcomb—At home,
Quincy.
Lizzie J. McNeil—Teaching, At-
lantic.
Wm. T. Carter—
Etta F. Nightingale—
Florence E. Brooks—Stenographer,
Boston.
Annie F. Sargent (Clapp)—Quin-
cy.

In the wood the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppressed, like some fair maiden;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward:
"Welcome, young spring, rapture-
laden!"

THE GOLDEN ROD.

VACATION.

DEAR MABEL: Come in to the University tomorrow. A French play is to be given in the chapel. Come with the intention of staying a week, if possible.

In haste,
LIZZIE.

It was in response to this note that I found myself walking up Beacon Hill early in the afternoon of April 1.

Having met my friend, we proceeded to the chapel of Boston University. As my knowledge of French is limited to the expression *ma chère*, the play, outside of the exquisite costumes, would not have been attractive had not the Latin professor and my friend served as interpreters. As it was Friday afternoon and there were no recitations for the morrow, a small party of us took a delightful walk through the Common and Public Gardens. The sun was just setting in the west, and the strange yellow atmosphere of the New England sunset added a peculiar charm to our surroundings. All around us were scattered the bright-eyed crocuses, as if some magic hand had dropped from the regions above and strewn them over the fresh velvet carpet of earth.

As we walked up Commonwealth avenue the fine horses attracted our attention, and called from one of the party, Mr. Clement, the expression, "I'm hungry for a ride." Lizzie and I told him of the many pleasant rides we had enjoyed behind her uncle's horses, and his last words upon leaving us were, "Now speak a good word for me when 'Uncle Charlie' sends you an invitation to drive."

Hardly had the door closed upon Mr. Clement, when a bright thought came to me. It was April Fools' Day, and here was a chance for a practical joke. I seized paper and ink and penned him a note stating that "Uncle Charlie" was going to drive that evening and *would* include him in the invitation. The hour appointed was 7.15, at which time we were carefully hidden behind a fence awaiting his arrival. We had but a short time to wait

before we saw him admitted, and not much longer before we saw him emerge. As he passed us we heard a suspicious giggle, proving that our joke had been successful.

At about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening Lizzie's uncle appeared with his span and gave us one of the pleasantest drives I ever enjoyed.

The following day, together with Lizzie, her Sunday school class and a few friends, I went to Robbins' Springs. We spent the day eating, drinking the delicious mineral water, and playing pleasant games like hide-and-seek and drop-the-handkerchief.

Upon our arrival home, Lizzie's mother had an excellent supper prepared for a company of tired and hungry boys and girls. After tea we arranged for a soap-bubble party. To make suitable soap-bubbles was beyond the power of any one present. We combined glycerine, wash-soap and cuticura, and even went so far as to mix into this concoction some of Lizzie's best toilet soap. But all in vain; no bubbles appeared. We boiled our mixture and set it out of doors to cool. To our amazement we had soft soap enough for the use of the family for years to come.

To tell you the fun I experienced next day playing the role of a college student at the University, and to relate the story of my visit on Saturday to the Natural History rooms, where the guide, who was one of Lizzie's former classmates, willingly answered all our curious questions concerning the specimens from Protoplasms to Megatheria, would take more paper than I possess. Saturday evening found me at home tired and happy, but thoroughly convinced that "There is no place like home" to one worn out by the dissipations of holiday pleasures.

—Mabel, '93.

MY VISIT TO THE BIG TREES.

WHILE staying in the pleasant city of Santa Cruz, California, I visited the celebrated grove of big trees, which are loca-

ted in the mountains in the town of Felton, about six miles from the city. They are on the line of the South Pacific railroad, and the scenery between them and Santa Cruz is very beautiful.

Leaving the Santa Cruz railroad station the train enters a tunnel and passes under the principal residential street of the city. On emerging it crosses a small valley and enters the mountains by following up the course of the San Lorenzo river, which winds along at the bottom of a heavily wooded ravine or canon. After passing through several more tunnels, with fine glimpses of scenery between, the river is crossed and the train enters a splendid forest of large redwood trees, many of which average six feet in diameter, and 175 feet in height.

In a few moments more the cars stop at the entrance to the "Big Tree Grove," which covers 50 acres. On entering, the first noticeable tree is "Gen. Fremont." This tree is hollow, having been burned by a forest fire during the Spanish Occupation. At the foot of it is an opening large enough to admit two men abreast, while the room inside is about 15 feet in diameter, and has two smaller openings to admit light and air. The height to which the hollow extends cannot be seen as, except for a little space at the bottom, all is darkness. The tree was named for Gen. Fremont because he made his headquarters within it at one time during the conquest of the country. It was also occupied as a dwelling by some of the early American settlers. "The Giant," the largest tree in the grove, stands near "Gen. Fremont." It is now 301 feet high, although sixty-five feet were broken off by a wind-storm some years ago. In circumference, it is, by my own measurement, fifty feet at a height of five feet from the ground.

Leaving the "Giant," "Daniel Webster," "Gen. Sherman" and "President Harrison" are next passed. All these are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and

over 250 feet high. At one place there is a group of eight trees which average six feet in diameter, and 150 feet in height. All these eight saplings have sprung from the roots of an immense tree which must have been at least thirty feet in diameter.

Another similar group is called the "Young Men's Christian Association" group. Another large tree is called "Jumbo," from the fact that a very good representation of an elephant's head is formed by an excrescence on the trunk. I was shown the stumps of trees that had been felled by the Spaniards to procure timber to use in building the old missions in the vicinity of Santa Cruz and Monterey.

The age of some of the largest trees has been estimated by those best able to judge, at 3000 years, and as their growth is very slow it seems probable.

The bark of the trees is very thick and of a spongy nature, and souvenir pin-cushions are made from it. The trees are of the ever-green species, the branches being at a great height from the ground and rather short. The trees are surpassed in size only by a few in a grove near the Yosemite Valley.

Their vast dimensions did not impress me until, after returning to the hotel, I compared them with the elm standing in the school-yard at home.

—ARTHUR V. CURTIS, '93.

Santa Cruz, Mar. 15, '92.

UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Founded on Fact.

ON a dark evening a few weeks ago, two young ladies took their seats by an open window where they could watch the proceedings under a certain electric light in the city of —. They had agreed previously that much fun might be obtained from this innocent pastime. They were scarcely settled, when a young couple went strolling by, apparently much absorbed in each other, regardless of electric lights. Be this as it may, directly under the light the young

man was heard to say in a persuasive tone, "Will you? Will you? Will you?" Evidently these entreaties were meant for only two small ears to hear.

The young ladies were very much disappointed in failing to understand whether the young lady "would" or not, but at that moment a sleighing-party came in sight, and their attention was called away by seeing several members of the senior class of — High school among the party. With much shouting and tooting of horns they passed, and nothing of special interest happened for some time, except that an elderly woman went by, cautiously picking her way, for the sidewalk was very slippery.

When under the electric light she was less careful, and consequently was seated more suddenly than gracefully upon the sidewalk. She jumped up, however, and went along muttering to herself. Poor thing! It is to be hoped that she was not injured. The young ladies are inclined to think that only her dignity suffered.

Next came a policeman looking somewhat like Stonewall Jackson, because "under his slouched hat left and right he glanced," but all he found was a large bottle filled (?) with a suspicious smelling liquid, (as he afterwards informed the young ladies,) the owner of which was nowhere to be seen.

Thus ended their evening's amusement, when one of the young ladies, becoming very cold, proposed that they retire.

—*Marion I. Bailey, '94.*

MINERVA.

WHO was Minerva? There are several traditions concerning her origin, but we shall speak only of that one which is the most universally known. Minerva, or as the Greeks called her, Pallas Athene, was the daughter of Zeus or Jupiter, the father of the gods. According to the story told, she sprang forth fully armed from the brow of Jupiter, hence her great

wisdom, for Minerva was the goddess of wisdom.

The armor of the goddess consisted of a helmet, the ægis or shield, and a golden spear. What need of armor had the goddess of wisdom? Great need, if we may believe the ancient tradition, for that tells us that Minerva was also a goddess of war, but in a very different sense from that in which Mars was its god.

Minerva had no love of war for its own sake, and often did she check the savage propensities of Mars. She cared only for defensive warfare, protecting her native state and saving men from unnecessary slaughter. She is said to have borrowed Jupiter's thunderbolts and to have hurled them from the clouds with her own hand. Members of the Virgil class will doubtless remember one instance in which she made use of the thunderbolt.

In the Trojan war Minerva took the side of the Greeks, and Tennyson says in his translation from the "Iliad," "Achilles over the Trench:"

"Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round

The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung

Her fringed ægis, and around his head

The glorious goddess wreathed a golden cloud

And from it lighted an all shining flame."

Besides being the goddess of wisdom and fame, Minerva was the patron of several arts and industries, and any one who wished to become distinguished in painting, poetry, spinning, or weaving invoked her aid. Furthermore, Minerva was believed to have invented musical instruments, and the story tells that she threw aside the flute which she herself invented—

"When she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played."

World renowned Athens, the chief seat of Grecian art and learning, was named from Minerva, whose Greek name, as we have previously stated, was Athene. It was said that during the reign of the first king of Athens, both Minerva and Neptune contended for the possession of the city, and the

gods decided that it should be awarded to the one who should produce a gift most useful to man.

Neptune gave the horse and Minerva the olive branch, the symbol of peace. The gods thereupon decided in favor of Minerva. The bird sacred to the gray-eyed goddess of wisdom is the owl.

Knowing the attributes of Minerva, may we not say that it is indeed fitting that her bust be placed in our schoolroom? We trust that each day the sight of that work of art will bring to the minds of all the thought that we are now seeking wisdom, and may this thought add new energy to our endeavor. Let us all remember that—

“Through wisdom is a house builded,
and by understanding it is established;
And by knowledge shall the chambers be
filled with all precious and pleasant
riches.”

—*Eva G. Reed, '93.*

SOME NATIONAL NICKNAMES.

The inhabitants of Maine are called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Leather Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; South Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buck-eyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases.

Either never attempt, or persevere to the end.

Look forward, not backward,
Not inward, but outward,
Not downward, but upward.

No endeavor is in vain;
The reward is in the doing—
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

We gladly welcome the *Hamp-tonia*. It is one of our largest, as well as one of our best exchanges.

In the *Advocate* we read an interesting account of a play rendered by the pupils of the Livingstone Avenue High School.

We hope that all have read the last number of the *Sea-Side Torch*. The articles contained therein are both instructive and entertaining.

“Under the Lights of the City” is the subject of a well written article found in the *Academy*, in which the author gives some very true pictures of the various phases of life.

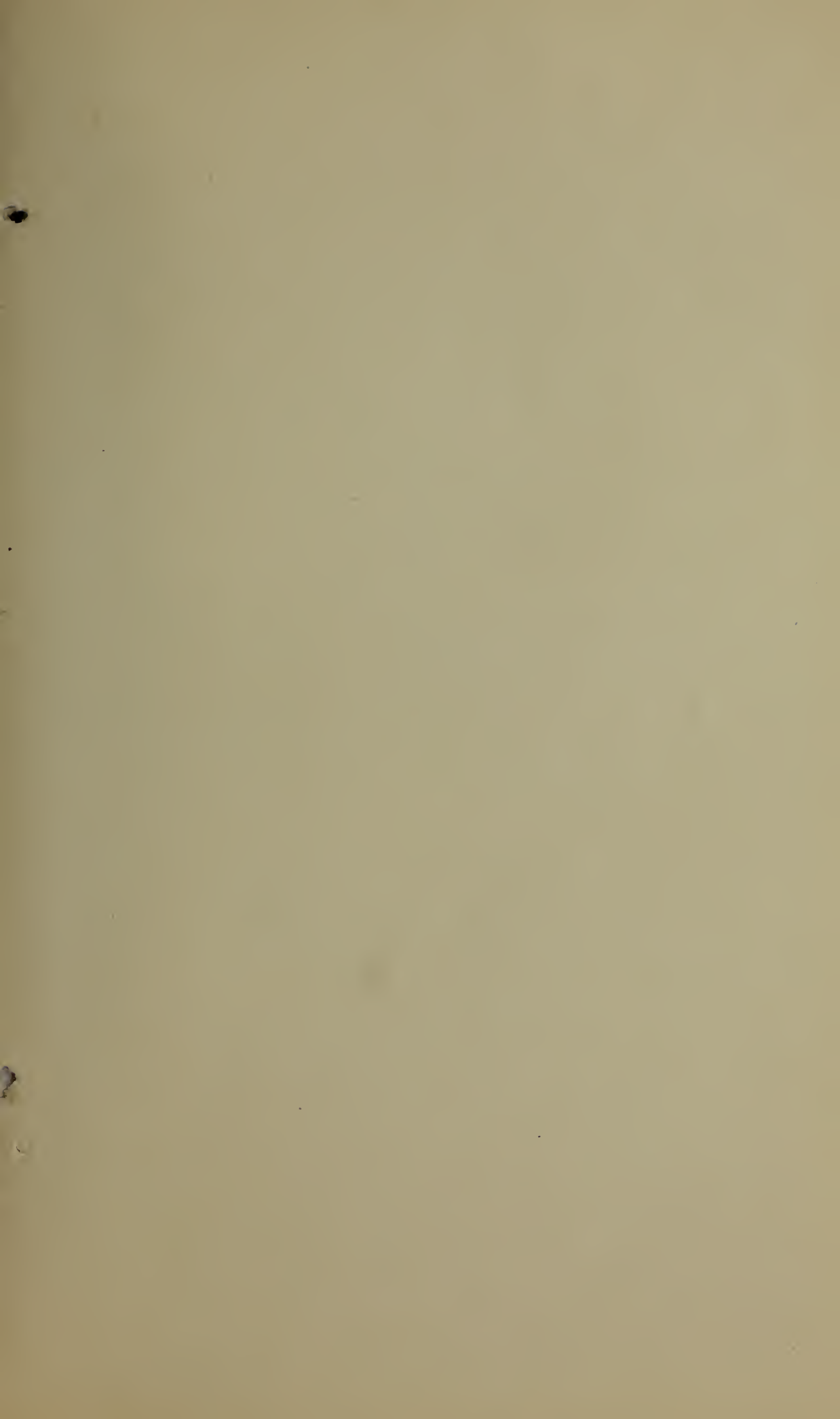
The March number of the *Premier* is especially interesting. “At Mrs. Pinkham’s” is the title of a bright story which is to be continued next month. We hope to receive the next issue of this paper so that we may finish reading the story.

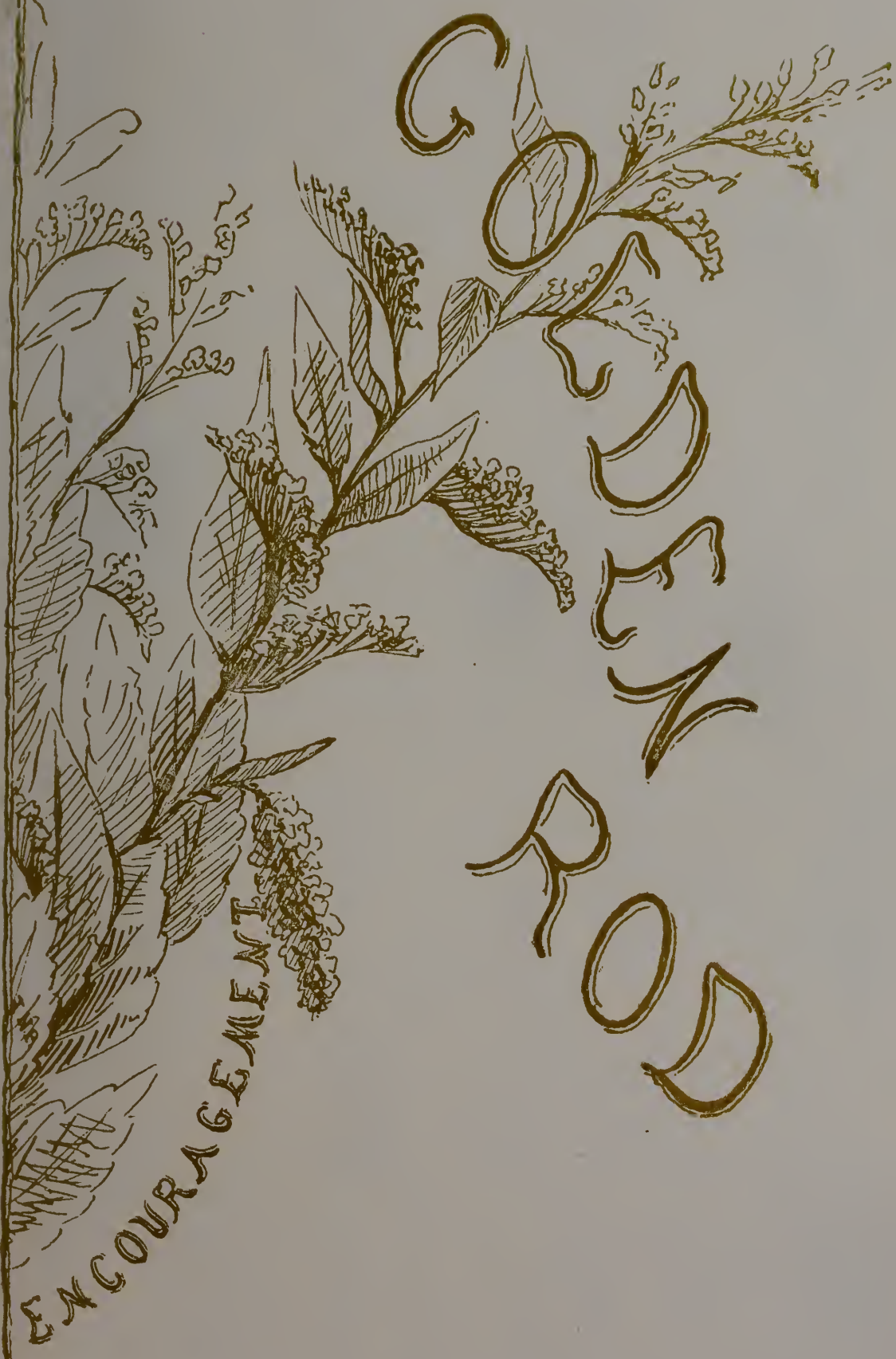
Some wretch who should be severely punished has said that a ship is called a “she” because a man knows not the expense till he gets one; because it is useless without employment; because it looks best when all rigged; because its value depends upon its age, and because it brings news from abroad, and carries news from home.—[*High School Review*, Lowell, Mass.]

SPRAYS FROM VACATION'S DIARY.

Sunshine!
Was n't it fine?
No Latin nouns to decline.
The sidewalk
Marked with chalk
To show where to hop, and skip, and walk.
Kites flying in the air,
Hoops rolling everywhere,
Girls riding bicycles with great care.
Others perusing Byron's sonnets,
Sisters trimming Easter bonnets.
Boys playing base ball,
Fair maids dancing in the hall.

Charms strike the sight, but
merit wins the soul.





THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., MAY, 1892.

No. 9.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

THE Third class, in commemoration of Arbor Day, gave a pleasing entertainment which consisted of instrumental and vocal music, recitations appropriate to day, and the planting of a maple tree by six representatives of the class. The exercises opened with a piano solo by Miss Fish, and it was indeed a beautiful selection which she chose for the day. Then followed the introduction, by Harry Winslow. Violin solos by John Lyons, and a recitation entitled, 'Tis Nothing but a Shower,' by Marion Gurney, were among the most pleasing numbers on the program. After the exercises in the building, bouquets were presented to the superintendent and the teachers by Marion Gurney in behalf of the class. Then the pupils passed to the yard, where the Third class formed around the tree. An address of dedication was delivered by Leila Sprague, after which our superintendent, to whom the tree was dedicated, gave a response which was heartily enjoyed. In the course of his remarks Mr. Lull told the class of what the tree is symbolic, and surely they then felt, more than ever before, how good and useful an act it is to plant a tree. The pupils expected to return to their

studies after the exercises had been completed, but our good committee man, Dr. Sheahan, who was present, gave the remainder of the day for a holiday. Altogether the entertainment was an entire success, and in behalf of the other classes we heartily congratulate the Class of '94.

R.

*

We were standing by an open window looking at the dull gray clouds. Out of doors the rain was falling and every thing looked damp and dreary. Suddenly the sound of voices reached our ears, and we caught the words, "I shan't go home; let me alone." The speaker's voice sounded strange and indistinct. Then another voice said, "Yes, Will, you must; come along now." Involuntarily we glanced at the sidewalk below, and what a sad, sad sight met our eyes. Two brothers were on the pavement, the elder supporting the younger in his arms and endeavoring to coax him towards their home not far distant. The face and manner of the younger brother told their own story. We knew the men by sight, as they often passed our house, and sadly we turned from the window. Their aged mother lay ill at home, and O, to think that her son should go to her in the condition in which we had seen him! At first a feeling of indignation took possession of us, and we blamed him severely; but suddenly we asked ourselves, "Is it his fault only, or is some other one more culpable than he?" Perhaps he had tried to resist the temptation, but some one of stronger will had succeeded in persuading him to yield, and then sent him home, home to wring his mother's heart with grief. O boys, "yield not to temptation," shun the fatal wine as you would shun a cup of poison;

for wine is a deadly poison, not only to your welfare, robbing you of soul, strength, and manhood, but if you form the habit of intoxication, a deadly poison to the hearts and happiness of your parents and dearest friends. Besides shunning temptation yourselves, exert your strength and purity to save those who, weary of the struggle of resisting, have at last lost hope and are fast sinking into the depths of degradation. Young men, we beg you never to forget, and always to heed the words of the twentieth chapter of Proverbs, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

R.

*

We wonder if any two students employ the same method and spend the same amount of time in preparing their lessons. From a conversation among a number of girls in the — high school, we judge not. One said, "Well, I study three hours every day, but I never know my lessons." Another said: "O dear! I spend all my time, afternoons and evenings, on my lessons, and I don't get any higher per cent than some who only spend an hour!" (That poor "only"—always out of place; but of course we couldn't criticise English during so exciting a discussion.)

The discouraged girls were made even more so when a third one stepped up and exclaimed: "Pooh! I don't spend an hour on mine, and I don't see but what I get along as well as the rest of you." At this point of the conversation the school bell rang, and fortunate it was for the girls. But what shall we say? The trouble is this: The first two girls do not know *how* to study; the third one thinks if she has a few scattered ideas about the lesson she can give a satisfactory recitation for that one day, not caring whether she knows the subject the next week or not. Such a girl may "get along" for a very short time, but when examinations come unexpectedly, alas for her!

If pupils would realize the advantages of studying alone, and the nonsense of thinking that they can learn a Latin lesson and watch a game of whist at the same time, they would accomplish much more. No person, however strong a mind he may have, can thoroughly grasp all the thoughts of a subject in Science by reading it while listening to a story. Of course some people learn much more readily than others, but all will find that one hour's careful, thoughtful study when alone is worth very much more than four hours' study in a noisy room.

s.

*

"Unknown." 'Tis but a single word inscribed upon a simple headstone marking a grave above which float the stars and stripes, but O, how much this single word signifies. One who was tenderly loved in the home circle heard and answered his country's call for aid in her hour of need; he left his home and friends, and went forth to battle for the dear old Union. For a time all was well with him; but one sad day those who waited with anxious hearts for news of their loved one, read his name on the list of the missing. Far from home and kindred he lies in a grave marked "Unknown," but he is not forgotten.

Neither is it forgotten that he died for his country. Although they know not who lies below, comrades on each Memorial Day strew this grave with flowers, even as they strew the graves of their own dear friends. Ah, how beautiful is this custom of strewing the graves of our heroes with fairest flowers; how beautiful is the spirit that moves those who perhaps have lost their dearest by the cruel war, to place blossoms alike upon the graves of friends and foes. They know that both the Blue and the Gray felt that their cause was just; they are content to leave the judgment with God.

All over our fair land are scattered these lonely graves, but though we know not when or how those who lie within them fell,

God marked each fall and in Heaven their reward is assured. We speak in glowing terms of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and other widely-known leaders who fought for our union, but let us not forget those other heroes who gave their all for the cause, and who now lie in "unknown" graves. Let us honor and love them in our hearts for the sacrifice that they made. Today we breathe the air of freedom. Peace blesses our noble country; and is this not due to these humbler heroes as well as to the leaders whose names are crowned with fame? Then, even though we know not what heart lies still beneath the sod, let us strew these "unknown" graves with fragrant blossoms on each Memorial Day.

R.

*

What different dispositions are exposed to us when we hear one person say, "O, I can't," and another, "I'll try"! The first means laziness, unwillingness, disagreeableness, and many other "nesses," and the boy who says "I can't" does not believe that in the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as "fail." Very often it is the case that the boy who says "I can't" when asked to demonstrate a proposition in Geometry, will give a very good recitation if he is compelled to try, although his manner may be anything but pleasing; showing that laziness only is the cause of the inability which he expresses.

One may be very sure that the persons who say "I can't," are the don't-care kind of people, who get through the world—well, we hardly know how; but evidently they have some pushing.

On the other hand, the boy who says "I'll try," at once commands the respect and admiration of all about him. He is usually the happy possessor of such noble traits as perseverance, industry, patience, and thoroughness. The two necessary characteristics of a successful business man, "go-at-it-ive-

ness" and "stick-to-it-iveness," are also his.

Some teachers give a pupil who tries 2 or 3, even if he utterly fail, and surely a 2 looks better than a 0 on a report, although we prefer to see 10's. Perhaps the most marked difference between the two boys is the potential energy of the one, and the kinetic energy of the other; but as Physics teaches that one may be converted into the other, there is a hope for the owner of the possible energy.

We might continue the antithesis, but let us stop here, determine to cultivate an "I'll try" disposition, and choose this for our motto:—

"Attempt the end and never stand to
doubt,
Nothing's so heard but search will find
it out."

S.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

Physics III. have just finished the subject of Sound.

"Construct a square equal to a given *scare*." This from a bright pupil in Geometry III.

Which shall we say: "I don't think it is so," or "I think it is not so?" If you can find no higher authority, consult Latin III.

A pupil of French II. translated "*Une foule de domestiques*," "A fool of a domestic." It should have been "A crowd of servants."

Lost.—A hungry horse eloping with a hungry girl, leaving his hungry master behind.

Found in Lord's stable, Wollaston.

A pupil studying Physical Geography and Astronomy asks, "What is mist?" Speaking from personal experience, we should say umbrellas.

Would you like some information? One of the musicians of the Third class recently informed us that some church organs had three "layers of keys." (She must have been thinking of strawberry short-cake.)

Who throws matches on the floor? "Beware! Look before you leap."

God bless our maple tree! May it grow so large that a new school-house can be made from it!

One of our young men evidently has a very patriotic spirit. He is the proud possessor of a red, white and blue necktie.

The young man who knocked the ball through the window has been absent for a day or two. We wonder if he is trying to earn half a dollar.

We are sorry to say that a young man of the Third class lately met with an accident, and as a result was obliged to beg a young lady's pardon.

A head-stone in one of the granite yards bearing the name of Robert Backus has amused one pupil of the Virgil class, who wishes to know if that Backus is a brother of the Bacchus spoken of in Virgil.

The High Schools and a corresponding team from the Adams Academy played a game of ball in the park which was won by the former in the ninth inning. Score 8 to 7. The battery work of Daley and Hayes of the High Schools was the feature of the game.

A discussion was held in the Physics class a short time ago concerning the difference between violin and guitar bows. The young lady particularly interested in the conversation had a polite invitation to bring her bows to school. We are anxiously waiting to see the "beaux."

A certain young lady of the class of '94, who has charmed a young man of the — received a May basket one evening from her admirer. Having an engagement for that evening, the young man sent his offering, which by the way was full of roses (?), by two friends of his who kindly went two stations from home for him. These poor unfortunates lost the last car, and were obliged to walk home, to be met in front of a certain building in Quincy by their debtor (?) for an account of affairs.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, JOSEPH J. CALLAHAN.

John G. Faxon, a member of the class of '80, was married recently to Miss Alice Holmes in Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Faxon has made great success in journalism for a number of years, having control of several papers.

Marcia Reed, '94, has left us, and we are very sorry to lose one who is so helpful to the school. She has always been faithful and persevering in her work, and leaves behind her an excellent record. We hope she will be as successful in her future work as she has been at the High school.

CLASS DIRECTORIES.

CLASS OF '73.

"Durate."

Alice M. Brooks (Piper)—N. H.
Nellie I. Arey—(Married).
Hannah E. Desmond—At home, Quincy.
Mary F. Mulgrim—Deceased.
Annie S. Marsh—At home, Quincy.
James H. Penniman—Proprietor of public carriages.
Franklin Flint—Mining business, Washington.
John M. Freeman—Deceased.
Frederick H. Smith—Treasurer Quincy Electric R. R.
Mary E. Gregory—Deceased.
Annie T. McCarty—

CLASS OF '68.

"*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

Clara F. Sargent (Cook)—Chelsea.
Lizzie E. Morse—Teaching, North Easton.
Martha D. Whiton (Holmes)—Boston.
Mary E. Eaton (Skinner)—Chicago.
Emily A. Bosworth (Higgins)—Quincy.
Sophia M. French—At home, Braintree.
Mary E. B. Penniman (Graham)—Quincy.
Katie Lane—Deceased.
Mary I. Head—Deceased.
Catie F. Garrity—Hodges' Bakery, Quincy.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

CLASS OF '74.

"Virtute, non verbis."

Simeon K. Flint—In the West.
Ida W. Ellis (Pettee)—Quincy.
Harriet A. Curtis—At home, Quincy.
Ellen G. McDonnell—At Convent, Boston.
Catherine E. Gregory—Dressmaking.
Frank F. Cook—
Elizabeth J. Elcock—At home, Quincy.
Margaret E. O'Brien (McNeil)—Quincy.

CLASS OF '70.

Mary L. Flint—Teaching, Boston.
Eliza E. Costello—Deceased.
Abbie F. Taylor (Fenno)—Wollaston.
Annie E. McGrath (Cronin)—Canada.
Ella M. Walker (Patterson)—
Amelia G. Mead (Hall)—Rhode Island.
Ida F. Glines (Darby)—California.
Emily Whitney—
Susie J. Doble (Fuller)—Roxbury.
Sarah A. Wilde—At home, Quincy.
Susie U. Wilde (Johnson)—Boston.

CLASS OF '69.

"Palmarum qui meruit ferat."

Anna L. Savil—Teaching.
Abbie L. Ewell (Wheble)—Quincy.
Minnie J. Carr (Faxon)—Quincy.
Maggie Thompson (Cook)—Quincy.
Carrie F. Ricker—Deceased.
Annie M. Bigelow (Married)—Dorchester.
James E. Starbuck—
Mary J. Newcomb—Nurse.
Fannie H. Hersey (Sampson)—Quincy.
Sarah R. Gregg (Morrison)—Brain-tree.
Jeannie Sampson—Deceased.
Charles L. Hovey—Tailor, Boston.
Angie S. Amsbury (Nash)—Quincy.

Esta Sturges, '95, and Lillian Gay, '94, are members of the chorus choir at the Universalist church.

ARBOR DAY.

Eighteen years ago Arbor Day originated. The day was set apart for the purpose of planting trees, shrubs and vines. The idea met with approval, and at the present time Arbor Day is observed by thirty-four states, no northern state east of the Rocky Mountains being excluded from the list. The day is not only observed by individuals, but it has become quite popular for the public schools in our states to observe the day by planting trees and vines in the schoolyards, and by exercises appropriate for the day.

Let us now look at the object of planting trees and see what benefits we shall derive therefrom. Trees make a delightful shade in summer, and in winter they break the force of the cold winds, thus making the climate cooler in summer and warmer in winter. From trees we obtain lumber and fruits, from the sale of which much money is realized. In this way the wealth of our country is increased. The healthfulness of our country also depends largely upon trees, for this reason: The air contains many impure gases, which, if they remained, would be dangerous to man's health. Trees live upon these gases, and thus leave only pure elements for man to inhale. Where would be the beauty of our landscape if the trees were removed? It would be robbed of its charm. How pleasing to the eye are the trees of the forest; especially "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss and in garments green." Longfellow says:—

"Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go."

Trees furnish man with material with which to build his home. Fruit trees give us many varieties of delicious food. Evergreen trees provide us with means of decoration. It would take too long to tell

of all the benefits we derive from trees, so I shall not try to do so. The day chosen for the purpose of planting the trees, as we all know, is in April. We shall now see that a better time for our design could not very well have been selected. All the trees which during the winter months were apparently dead, are showing signs of new life and arraying themselves in new garments. Longfellow says in his poem entitled "An April Day,"—

"From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives."

I think we shall all agree that this is a suitable time for Arbor Day.

Let us then continue the beautiful custom by planting something on Arbor Day. A tree, vine, shrub, or even a seed planted by each one, will help to beautify and benefit our land.

—Cassie Thayer, '93.

ADDRESS OF DEDICATION OF
THE MAPLE TREE.

Some people desire to have monuments of cold, dead stone erected to perpetuate the remembrance of their lives and deeds, but we, the Class of '94, have chosen to leave behind us a living monument—ever growing, ever blooming; now a slender young tree; many years from now, an aged patriarch, with its broad spreading branches shielding our children and grandchildren from the summer sun, and casting shadows upon an immense brick structure which we hope will soon occupy these grounds.

Not only is this tree to remain as a memento of our Class of '94, but also, and more especially, as a symbol of our appreciation to one who began his work in this school with us in September, 1890. We consequently dedicate this tree to Herbert Warren Lull, who planted our first hopes or desires to gain a reputation for our school, and to be loyal to our school; who planted the first seeds of our High School educations, which seeds have been

sprouting for nearly two years, and which we hope will bring forth bountiful harvests in future years.

We feel sure that Mr. Lull could not desire a more beautiful, more noble or more patriotic monument than this tree, planted by the hands of joyous school-children, as a memorial of his achievements, and a pleasing recognition of his usefulness to the Class of '94.

—Leila H. Sprague, '94.

"WOOD AND NOT GOLD IS THE
BASIS OF NATIONAL
WEALTH."

WHEN you first glance at the subject of this article, the idea may seem to be a false one. You will probably say at once that foreign countries will not take a piece of wood as payment for their merchandise, and that as commerce is one of the great sources of national wealth, gold is in reality the basis of that wealth. Before deciding, let us consider the benefits which a nation derives from trees.

In the first place, if it were not for the trees our countries would be cold and barren; that is, those over which bleak winds sweep would be cold, while in the torrid countries droughts would be far too numerous to allow the cultivation of the soil to prosper. In wooded countries rainfalls are more frequent than in countries which are destitute of trees.

The leaves of the trees, after they have fallen to the ground, form in time a soft, moist soil which retains the water after a rainfall, gradually sending forth the moisture under the influence of the sun, thus lessening the possibility of severe droughts.

The trees break the force of the cold winds, forming a shelter to cultivated lands. We now see that by the aid of trees, agriculture may be successfully carried on in countries which would otherwise be unsuitable for that industry. The fruits of agricultural labor are sold for money, and a portion of this money at last reaches the public treasury of the nation.

Commerce, as I have previously said, is one of the greatest sources of national wealth, and to carry on commerce we must have ships. In the building of our ships the timbers of the oak, ash, pine, elm, chestnut and cedar trees are invaluable. Thus the trees furnish the means for transporting the merchandise from which we obtain so much of our wealth.

In some countries rosewood, mahogany, black walnut, and other woods form valuable articles of export. The countries which export these woods realize wealth by so doing; while in the countries which receive them, they are made into many articles of valuable furniture, and again wealth is obtained from them.

It is an established custom among nations to use gold and silver for money, but if we had no trees many countries would be almost uninhabitable, others would yield scarcely any profit from cultivation, while others would be subjected to alternate floods and droughts which would undoubtedly ruin all crops. At such a crisis, of what use would gold and silver be? If the crops failed, no nation could grow rich and prosperous, for people cannot eat gold nor silver. Besides all this, the trees absorb carbonic acid gas and send forth the pure oxygen so necessary to our vitality. For these reasons wood is more valuable to a nation than gold.

—Eva G. Reed, '93.

HOME.

What is a home? Is it merely a place of shelter, a roof and four walls? No, a home should be the cosiest, kindest and sweetest place on earth; the case containing the most precious of all jewels, domestic happiness.

Were all homes, or those habitations incorrectly called homes, like the model, how much less crime would be committed, and few would become disheartened and shorten their pilgrimages here below by suicide, which today is a common occurrence. Wealth is

not essential to happiness, and a palace beatifully adorned within and surrounded by magnificent gardens is not always the place in which to find the happiest people.

Very often the inhabitants of the lowly thatched cottage where the little family gather around the unadorned hearth and pass evenings in their simple ways, know nothing of the mental distress of the rich and great. If the home were bright and attractive we should not see so many young men spending their evenings on the streets, but they would be at home, reading magazines and newspapers, thereby widening their knowledge in order to be of some use to their fellow-citizens.

A school superintendent once asked a five-year-old child where his home was, and received the answer, "Home is where mamma is." No matter how humble the home may be, the heart turns to it as a place of refuge in time of adversity, for—

"Nothing on earth can with home compare

When a loving mother waits us there."
But oftentimes a happy home is broken up by the loss of this dear one, and its members separated, perhaps forever.

Let us then make our homes so attractive that they cannot be dissolved unless by death, for "Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit."

—Mollie Webb, '93.

WAYSIDE SPRAYS.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird we listen.

Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

Bessie Drew, '94, attended the drill at the English High School, Wednesday, May 4.

No tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

The voice of one who goes before to make

The paths of June more beautiful, is thine, sweet May.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don:
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.

Wit is the salt of conversation,
not the food.

If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others.

Thoughts come and go, some never to return. What some of us would have given at that time for an "Estabrook" pen to jot down a fleeting inspiration.

Two Harvard students recently agreed to read Shakespeare together, and one said, "Let us begin with 'Romeo and Juliet.'" "Why!" exclaimed the other, "we can't read both of them at once." Poor things!

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

A very well-known and popular gentleman of Quincy made the following remark to a young lady of the Third class: "You people at the High school are covering yourselves with honor, aren't you?" The Class of '94 may take two-thirds of the compliment, as he had especial reference to their Arbor Day entertainment.

If there is any possibility of the State Board of Education condemning our ancient building on account of its system of ventilation, we wish they would visit us.

Latin IV. want to know how they can remember the principal parts of verbs. The only way we can suggest is to learn them.

How is this for a motto? *Possumus quia posse videntur*. (They can, who think they can.)

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

We extend a welcome hand to the Censor and invite it to call again.

The Racquet is a bright little paper. The last issue contains three excellent essays.

We think the Tripod has made a mistake in putting advertisements on its cover. Its appearance was much neater under the old arrangement.

Latin Class Teacher—How shall I write "I ought to be loved by the pupils"?

Pupil—Put it in the subjunctive (contrary to fact).—[High School Advocate.

The Wolfe Hall Banner is another new exchange which is also welcome. The two editorials in the April number are very good. We think an Exchange column would improve it.

We read in the Argus that the pupils of the Detroit high school have chosen the following for their class motto: "Not on but toward the heights." We like their selection very much.

We read in the Echo of a course in English reading adopted by the pupils for the year '91-'92. The following is a list of the authors: Shakespeare, Scott, Longfellow, Addison, Macaulay, Webster, Irving, George Eliot, Hawthorne. Would it not be well for all schools to adopt a similar course?

One of the great secrets of success is earnestness. Be in earnest. Make up your mind to like your work and do it more earnestly. Be assured that it *is* worth your while to come to school; it *is* worth your while to meet your schoolmasters and teachers, and to broaden your life with interest in them and sympathy for them; *it is worth your while* to develop every power you possess to press forward to the mark of the high calling of perfect character.—[Tripod.

ENCOURAGEMENT

GOOD
BY
ROSE



THE GOLDEN ROD.

Vol. I.

QUINCY, MASS., JUNE, 1892.

No. 10.

THE * GOLDEN * ROD

Will be Published Monthly During the School Year in the interests of the

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

For the Year, . 50 cents | Single Copies, . 5 cents
For sale at E. B. Souther's.

Address all communications to
ARTHUR V. CURTIS or SARAH C. MCGOVERN,
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post-Office as
Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL EDITORS.

EVA G. REED, LEILA H. SPRAGUE.

THE Class of '93 quite distinguished themselves in their Memorial Day entertainment which was so heartily enjoyed by the audience. They may well be proud—no, not exactly proud, but pleased—with their success.

Ex-Mayor Charles H. Porter, as a representative of the Grand Army, spoke to the school. Then followed an address by John Estabrooks, readings beautifully rendered by seven young ladies, and trios and choruses, forming in all a very pleasing program which filled all our minds with thoughts appropriate to the day which was celebrated. We listened very attentively to piano solos by Alice Crane, formerly of '93, also to the closing remarks of Dr. Sheahan, to whom the class presented a basket of flowers.

One feature of the day which was very pleasing was the decoration of the room; another, which was equally satisfactory, was the fact that after the exercises we were given the rest of the day as a holiday.

*

"Four things come not back,—the spoken word,—sped arrow,—the past life,—the neglected opportunity."

It matters not how often we may wish that this motto were not true,

the unalterable fact remains, and we are left to heed or ignore its teaching as we will. We all know that a word once spoken cannot be recalled. Then should not this thought cause us to pause when in moments of anger we are tempted to speak harshly and unkindly to another? An instant's reflection will often convince us that the reason for our anger is not sufficient to justify us in uttering words which may rankle long in the heart of one who perhaps was striving to do his best, but whom, because he made a mistake, we have cruelly misjudged. Kind words are so much more powerful than harsh ones, and they leave no sting in the heart of either the speaker or the one to whom they are spoken. Adelaide Proctor says:—

"Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

Although our past life will never in reality return to us, yet memory is ever busy with that life; and let us strive to act each day so that when age comes and we have little to do save to await the messenger of God, we may spend the last of our lives on earth in quiet happiness and peace, disturbed by no haunting memories of cruel deeds we have done, or false and unjust words we have spoken.

Whittier says:—

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Every day God places in our path some opportunity of doing good, and each time that we improve such an opportunity a glow of happiness is added to our hearts; while on the other hand the recollection of good we might have done

but failed to do, causes us to sigh in after years, "It might have been."

Let us use our highest endeavor to improve all our opportunities and say with the poet,—

"Count that day lost whose low descend-
ing sun,
Views from thy hand no worthy action
done."

R.

*

A man enters a school and asks the teacher what kind of a class he has. This, or something to the same effect, is invariably the answer: "Very good, taken altogether, but there are just so many shirkers, just so many workers, and just so many mediums." Such is the case in every school, and we are very sorry to say that there are no exceptions to this rule. If we study the various characteristics of these three kinds of scholars, and their relations to one another, we shall find that a very interesting classification is "floaters, swimmers, and divers."

The floaters are those who glide slowly along through life, taking everything easily, not exerting themselves in the least degree, but depending upon others to perform their work. While in school we shall undoubtedly see these pupils lounging about, perhaps communicating with their neighbors, and possibly with vacant gaze dreaming of everything but work. Thus shall we see them all through life, floating upon the surface of this world's tasks and trials, never acting, ever drifting.

The swimmers, or average scholars, are those who perhaps may have the ability, and if they would only apply themselves, might accomplish something. They may learn their lessons word for word, but still do not know what they really mean. In their examples they will guide their work to agree with the answer which is in the book, at the same time not knowing why it is correct. Should they by chance be questioned upon the why's and wherefore's of their doings, they would probably respond, "I don't know." As a rule they learn simply what they are obliged

to, omitting the incidents and details on which the subject is based.

Last, but indeed not least, are the divers, the scholars whom every teacher delights to meet in his school, but who generally are few in number. Representing this class by Miss Go-Ahead, a very energetic young lady, as her name suggests, let us characterize her particularly. She is the one who dives to the very depths of her studies and finds every pearl of value. An hour is to her "one of gold, set with sixty diamond minutes." At the expiration of her school work she has reaped a harvest, while her class-mate, the swimmer, has given about one-half of the necessary time and thought to her studies, and consequently knows not more than one-half of what she ought to; but alas! the poor floater has, in comparison with the former, accomplished nothing.

Miss Go-Ahead's motto is this: "To do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can." S.

*

When woodland and meadow were last arrayed in autumn glory and the golden rod, "heavy with sunshine," waved to and fro stirred by autumn breezes, our Golden Rod was sent forth by the pupils of the High school. Now the air is filled with the fragrance of the rose, and the eye sees everywhere the rich, rare beauty of June. Another school year has flown, and the editors for 1892 must now bid their friends and patrons farewell. When the paper was first issued it was stated that one motive for publishing a High school paper was to awaken among our citizens an interest in our school; and we think the effort has not been wholly in vain. We trust that the interest awakened will never die, but will grow stronger each year, and that the Quincy High school will be thought of by all with gladness and pride. Most heartily do we thank

our friends for the generous support they have given us; and our desire for their welfare is best expressed by these sweet words:—

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
The Lord make his face to shine upon
thee, and be gracious unto thee,
The Lord lift up his countenance unto
thee, and give thee peace."

R.

PERSONAL.

EDITED BY

JENNIE GRIFFIN, JOSEPH J. CALLAHAN.

Maud Curtis and Wm. Hayes have said goodby to '94.

Margaret Cleverly, '95, is assistant at the Quincy Point post-office.

Mr. Prince of the Board of Education made an official visit at our school last week.

We have recently received notice of the death of Mr. Asa Wellington, the first principal of our High school.

We have received calls from Mrs. Fish of Nantucket, also from Miss Harriman, a student in the Boston University, and a former classmate of Miss Fish.

Miss Helen M. Staples, a friend of Miss Stone, and one who formerly taught with her in an academy, visited us a short time ago. Miss Staples is one of the most popular teachers of New England, and is now a private tutor in New York.

CLASS DIRECTORIES.

CLASS OF '64.

John Munday—Priest, Cambridge.
Helen Porter—Deceased.
Liza Shean—Teaching, Quincy.
Emma Glovers—Deceased.
Sarah Glover—Deceased.
Emma Duggan—Quincy.
Helen Churchill (Emery)—
Josephine Wright—Teaching in Quincy.
Mary E. Sargent (Sampson)—Quincy.
Emma French (Burrell)—
P. J. O'Neil—Deceased.

CLASS OF '65.

Mary Baxter (Crane)—Quincy.
Emma Russell—Deceased.
Mary E. Hardwick—Quincy.
Ida Edwards—Married.
Elizabeth Cole—California.

CLASS OF '66.

"Tidale jusqu' à la mort."

Joseph M. Sheahan—Physician, Quincy.
Abigail I. Hails—California.
Emma Savil—Teaching, Boston.
Emery Fellows—Tin ware business, Quincy.
Mary Sheahan—Teaching, Quincy.
Jerusha Keating—
Margaret T. Munday (Gavin)—Quincy.
Sarah A. Souther (Mead)—Boston.

CLASS OF '71.

Mary E. Ryan—Deceased.
Abby O. Spear (Crane)—Quincy.
Jennie R. Hollister (Married)—New Hampshire.
Mary V. Dorrity (McKabe)—Quincy.
Mary A. Knapples (Murphy)—Quincy.
Francis A. Spear—Constable, Quincy.
Henry E. Hardwick—Granite business.

CLASS OF '72.

"Aude esse sapiens."

Hattie F. Thayer (Marsh)—Quincy.
Mary A. Bosworth (Howard)—Holbrook.
Ellen Fegan—Teaching, West Quincy.
Mary F. French (Alden)—Quincy.
Mary E. Burns—Deceased.
Edith Randall—At home, Quincy.
Carrie J. Johnson—
Michael P. Howley—Died, March, 1876.
John H. Dinegan—Real estate business.
Amos L. Litchfield—Carpenter, Quincy.
Thomas Fenno—Teller in bank, Boston.
Mary E. Willey—
Lucie A. Stoddard—
Lizzie B. French (Robinson)—Boston.

LOCALS.

EDITED BY

PAULINE WILKINS, WALTER SAMPSON.

A pleasant vacation to you all!

Good-bye, until we meet again!

Physics III. are trying to learn why they cannot see around corners.

"Who puts matches on the floor?" is still a question to be answered.

A young lady of the Virgil class translated "*Sed fines Libyci*," "But—I don't know."

A young lady of the Third class while narrating a story said, "The ship was drowned."

Geometry III.—A right angle is equal to 45 degrees. This is evidently a recent discovery.

From Physics III. we learn that fanning one's self causes the *vibration* (perspiration) on the brow to evaporate more quickly.

Rhetoric IV. Teacher:—What is irony?

Pupil:—Irony is disgusted (disguised) metaphor.

Teacher—What do you mean by a graphical representation?

Pupil—Something pertaining to geography.

John Estabrooks and Kate Evans have the highest number of analyses of Botany II., the former having 130, and the latter 114.

A pupil in Physics III. thinks a thermometer could be made of water colored with strawberry juice, instead of mercury or alcohol.

We are rather sorry, but occasionally our clock forgets itself, and runs ten or fifteen minutes over the recitation hour, and consequently we lose part of our recess and study hour.

Botany IV. Teacher—What is the manner of inflorescence in this plant?

Pupil—A head.

Teacher—You might use it to better purpose.

Next pupil—A compound raceme.

Botany II.—Would that Mother Nature might produce some new creations. Our two "vultures" have devoured the entire flora of Quincy.

French III. translated "*François le laissa à se traîner en hurlant sur ses pattes de devant*." "Francis tried to pull himself howling on his hind feet.

The young men want to know who took the yarn-ball home to mend his stockings. Whoever it was, we hope he didn't ask sister to darn them.

Isn't it strange that the largest boy in Geometry III. should make so "cunning figures" on the black-board, that even the brightest eyes cannot see them?

Every day we hear of Mr. H. H. Faxon's generosity. He has just presented to the high school boys six bats and four balls, which are very much appreciated by them.

The Quincy High Schools again crossed bats and defeated the Adams Academy nine by a score of 14 to 8, and on June 7 they defeated the Adams' School 19 to 6.

The members of English III. have written their first paraphrase. One *young lady* thinks she could write the sentimental part much better if she had a little experience.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—Please give the future editors less trouble and anxiety by paying your debts more promptly. Don't forget the Golden Rod next September.

Extracts from careless conversations: "Difficult straits;" "true fact;" "single individual legions;" "little, small box;" "good grammarian;" "'t isn't the Ablative Absolute, is n't it?"

French III. Teacher:—Give me an original sentence in French.

Pupil.—"*Les salles sont trop petites pour plus que cent écoliers, et par conséquent l'air est très mauvaise*." Translation—"The rooms are too small for more than a hundred scholars and consequently the air is very bad."

It seems strange that a pupil of French III. should translate "*la chevre*" the donkey instead of "the goat." Perhaps there is some resemblance.

Latin IV. Pupil—No one is present but that he is brave.

Teacher—Who will correct that English?

Second pupil—No one is brave but that he is present.

Our superintendent delivered the Memorial Address in the Congregational church, Quincy, May 29. The schools were well represented in the audience, showing the great interest they take in Mr. Lull.

As the centennial of Quincy is to be celebrated July 4, our superintendent has prepared a list of forty-five questions to be circulated among the schools, so the pupils ought to be well posted on the history of Quincy.

The members of Latin III. are beginning to realize what a "bothersome" word "only" is. If it were *only* out of the English language, they think that they might rest in peace, but surely some other adverb would take its place.

COMMUNICATION.

We take pleasure in printing the following communication to one of the editors from the Secretary of the Quincy Village Improvement Society, and we desire to return our thanks to the writer for her words of encouragement:—

QUINCY, MASS., June 5, '92.

It is with satisfaction that we find that the High School was not unmindful of Arbor Day, although the Q. V. I. S. has seemed to lose sight of it. Can not this school look forward to being instrumental in inducing the other schools to celebrate this important anniversary another year, by each school setting out two trees near its location? Sentiment is good, but when action goes with it—practical action, like planting a tree to grow—it is very pleasant.

We also wish to congratulate the Golden Rod on its success thus far;—a literary success, and we hope a pecuniary one. It is to the present pupils that we are to look for the welfare of our new city of Quincy.

ANNIE E. FAXON, Sec. Q. V. I. S.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SCHOOL DESK.

I must confess that being shut up in this dark, musty room, with spiders and mice for company, is rather wearisome, but not until to-day have I realized how degraded my position is. Living, as I seem to, in the past, and thinking of those busy, happy times, I forget the misery of the present.

Strange that the merry ridicule of those noisy children should so humiliate me! I really hoped that the good days of "*Auld Lang Syne*" had returned, as the door flew open, admitting sunshine and such a bevy of rosy-cheeked boys and girls. Could I have been mistaken in hearing cries of "See the antiquated old wreck"? "*Clumsy*," "*Rickety*," "*Ungainly*," and really much more was said, but I should like to remember no more.

Alas! *I*, who bear on my surface marks and scars from the hand of one who ruled a nation! I think that somewhere I have heard something said about pride going before a fall; perhaps that accounts for my being humbled by this later generation. But the little fellow who rode to school on Mehetabel's back, and spent so many happy hours with me,—yes, *he* loved me!

Well do I remember the day I received the chubby three-year-old boy. It was fortunate for me that I was hewn from the stout oak tree, or surely I could not have stood the constant wear and tear of twenty-one restless boys and girls.

None of them were to me as bright and keen as the little boy whose busy fingers left many a mark for me to look at now. There is that big J! He would not have cut into my fibre like that had he known how I felt about it. He was tender-hearted, brave, and true. We were proud of him in that log schoolhouse, for we thought him a kind of prodigy. It cannot be foolish for me to think of him so sadly, for his country wept at his loss in after years.

True, that log schoolhouse, eighteen by twenty feet, was only the first round of the ladder, but onward he marched until every round was gained and left behind. By the time he was in the Ohio Senate I was laid aside, but he went on. "Colonel;" "General;" "Congress;" "United States Senate;" "President;" and, last on earth—"Martyr."

He used to say, "I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong." Now, reviewing all these things, I am certain no one can deny that "the boy is father of the man." One might add that the girl is mother of the woman, but some way it does not sound quite so familiar.

And now I must rest. Life is quite uncertain, but it pays to make the most of it. "The wreath is for those who contend." So said my hero, James A. Garfield.

—*Daisy C. Bemis, '95.*

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

"The boy lay in his little bed,
Though oft his mother called:
'Get up, come down to breakfast, Fred:'
'Get up,' his father bawled."

It is very seldom that one call will awaken the average boy, as the author of the above stanza evidently knows from experience. For in the very beginning of his parody, not only is it necessary for the mother to call, but the father has something to say also.

Why it is harder to call boys to the realizing sense of another day's beginning, than it is to call girls, would be hard to explain; nevertheless it is a fact. Call a boy and he will say, "Yes, I'm coming;" and then he yawns and stretches, and in less time than it will take to tell it, he is asleep again.

Let me, for convenience, call this boy Fred, also. Suppose Fred, like many other boys, attends school and has a number of home duties to perform first.

Probably after the first call, ten minutes will elapse before he is called a second time, and by the time he is really awake it is half an hour later.

This laziness is of course the result of the disinclination to exert himself ever so little to be of any assistance before he leaves the house. To bring in a pail of water or an armful of wood does not take long, nor is it a great task, but the time has already been consumed in looking for collars, cuffs, and other articles never to be found in the confusion of a hasty toilet; and he comes down stairs in anything but an amiable frame of mind, hurries through his breakfast, collects his books if he can find them, and is off to school in a rush.

How much better would it have been for Fred had he arisen when his mother first called, and thus have avoided all this confusion.

Sometimes more than a mother's call is necessary to awaken Fred, and that brings to my mind the concluding stanza of the parody from which I have already quoted.

"A ringing bell, a mother's call,
May sometimes wake a lad;
But the only sure thing, after all,
Is a father, when he 's mad."

—*Margie L. Souther, '94.*

THE VALUE OF THE OCEAN TO MAN.

I HAVE seen and heard the ocean spoken of as "a waste of waters," but on the contrary it is one of the most important gifts that the Creator has given to man. The ocean affords many opportunities for intercourse with other nations, and for transporting goods between countries in a speedier way than would otherwise be employed. Through its agency we are also enabled to procure many luxuries from foreign lands.

The ocean is necessary to the existence of man and of all vegetation. It is the great well from which rises the vapor which condenses into clouds and then falls as rain. It is thus the source of moisture and fertility to the soil, causing springs to bubble up in the valleys and fountains in all dry places.

It furnishes water to all the inhabitants of the earth. When we remember that for life to continue

at all an unceasing supply is required, the necessity of having it will be readily comprehended.

The ocean is the great moderator of climates, and the great purifier of the atmosphere we breathe. It is also the greatest scavenger on earth. It penetrates places where sanitary officers cannot go, carrying away all filth, and thus helping to eradicate disease.

We are indebted to the ocean for all our sustenance. It is through its agency that we are able to change our wheat into flour, our corn into meal, and to turn the machinery which makes our raiment, and indeed all of our manufactures.

The ocean yields many products which we use to ornament either our homes or our persons. Among them is coral of various colors and qualities. The red, white and yellow corals are used for ornamental purposes. Black and pink corals are most prized, but they are rare. Among the beautiful objects of this earth are pearls, which rank among the precious gems, and are highly prized by the rich and noble of all countries.

Among articles of practical use may be mentioned sponges of the useful qualities. We get many kinds of fish from the ocean, and the people in many parts of the world depend almost wholly upon this food. We also obtain the whale and the poor seal, about which Uncle Sam and John Bull are having so much discussion at present.

—Isabel Moir, '93.

THE GIRL WHO HAS "NO
TIME."

"O, Sue! Will you go in town tomorrow evening? It—" "Good! what play?" exclaimed Sue. "No, not the theatre—a lecture on electricity," was Edith's quick response. "Oh, I can't; and anyway I don't care anything about electricity," answered Sue, who was Edith's most intimate classmate. "That's why I thought we had better go, as it would help us to

understand the subject. Won't you please go?" "No, I have n't time; then if I had, it's a dry old subject. I thought you were going to the theatre. Here I've been out every day this week, and I'm way behind in Latin, and I believe I cannot demonstrate the theorem of Pythagoras. I don't have time to do anything. This morning I stumbled up the school steps and all the scholars laughed, just because seven buttons were off my shoes; but I don't have time to sew them on, and I've bent scores of pins trying to fasten them, and also in trying to conceal rips in my dress; and really, I must sew handles on my school-bag, for when the boys offer to carry it for me I am ashamed of it. You might come over to help me with my lessons and mend my clothes, if you have so much time to go to your beautiful lecture," sputtered Sue.

"Yes, I will, child, if you're so afflicted."

"Good-bye, Edith; I must go so as to learn my selection, which I have n't had time to learn yet, and I speak it tomorrow."

In school the next day, Sue was whispering to her neighbor during an examination, to find out about certain constructions and declensions in that "horrid Cæsar." Poor Sue's troubles seemed numerous. She had n't had time to mail a very important letter which her father had given her in the morning for that purpose, and he had lost three hundred dollars by the neglect.

On Saturday, when asked to help about the baking, her poor, tired mother received the impetuous answer that she had n't time then, for she had promised to play tennis with her friends. She did not have time to read, as she had promised to do, to a poor blind girl, but spent double the amount of time which would have given her neighbor so much pleasure, in silly gossip on the latest fashions. She could very seldom attend church because she must rest after being out late the night before to

a party or a dance. If she was informed that she had time for many pleasures, and always let those be of more importance than lessons or other duties, she felt indignant, and the only answer was, "Well, that's different." So if we should follow her through life, we should see that time was always flying too swiftly for her to catch.

How many of us find, or take, time for gossip, for party, concert, or theatre-going, and can't find time to keep our clothes tidy; to do errands or otherwise help our parents; to go to church or instructive lectures, or to study; or in fact, to do any of our many duties, when really we have all the time there is.

—*Florence M. Gray, '94.*

How many apples did Eve and Adam eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—a total of 16. And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82, total 163. Wrong again; what could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893? If Eve 811st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1,623? I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total, 8938. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056. We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8181242 keep Eve company—total 8,082,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore, when Adam 8181242 ofy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.

EXCHANGE.

EDITED BY

CASSIE THAYER, JOHN ESTABROOKS.

The Exchange column in the Academy Monthly is one of the most interesting that we read.

Pupil (translating, *Forte dux fiffillit in guttere*).—Forty ducks fell flat in the gutter.—[Exchange.]

Nearly all of the exchanges have lengthy base ball accounts, many of which are very interesting.

It is too bad that a paper as interesting as the Niagara Index should be printed with so fine type.

It must be rather expensive for some of our exchanges not to be entered in the mails as second class matter.

We welcome the High School Gleaner. This is a new paper, being Vol. I., No. 6. The cover is artistic and very appropriate.

We find in The Echo a very good translation of "Le Vilain Petit Canard." The translator expresses the moral of the story very beautifully.

"After the accumulation of knowledge, work is just begun. Out in the world every truth learned can be used as an instrument."—[Normalia.]

We should hardly deem it advisable to advertise the weaknesses of the school as one of our exchanges does. Cannot petty thieving be stopped otherwise than by placing accounts of it in the paper?

A school year has passed since we opened this Exchange column, and we have had great pleasure and gained much instruction from reading the many papers which we have received. We wish each one of our exchanges much success in the future, and we wish all the schools with which we have become acquainted through this department, a very pleasant vacation.

Resumes for July and August.



